DALLAS MAFIA

by Madeleine Brown and Constance Kritzberg

Dallas Did It!

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Dallas Did It! reveals:

The first authorized portions of *Texas in the Morning* by Madeleine Brown
The heroic life of Steven Mark Brown, beloved son of Madeleine Brown and President Lyndon B. Johnson
Dallas—The Murder Capitol of the World—by the authors, who lived there
Claims that Dallas oil money partly paid for the assassination of President John F. Kennedy
The Kings of Dallas—H.L. Hunt and Clint Murchison, Sr. Little known facts made public
A Dallas killer with ties to President Lyndon B. Johnson

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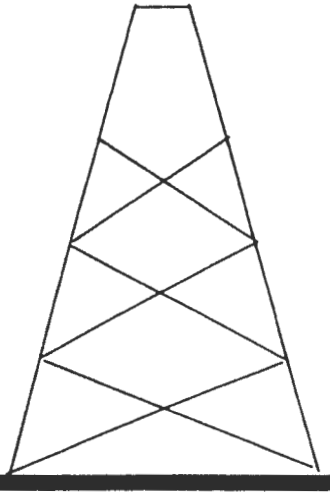

Dallas Did It! ©

Facts about the Dallas' involement in the planning and financing of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and glimpses into the love story of President Lyndon Baines Johnson and Madeleine Duncan Brown

by

Madeleine Brown and Constance Kritzberg

Final Revised Pre-Publication
2 of 100

Madeleine Brown is the author of the manuscript *Texas in the Morning*

Previous Publications by Constance Kritzberg:
***Case Against Case Closed* (co-author)**
Secrets from the Sixth Floor Window

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Dallas Did It! is, of course. a metaphor and none should read into the title any meaning that the city of Dallas or all its citizens, including friends and family of the authors, had anything to do with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Yet, we submit the theory that some key players in the tragedy were in Dallas. Assisted by intelligence members and other groups who wanted the president killed, they saw to it that the deed was done as they wished.

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All material quoted from *Texas in the Morning,* (as yet unpublished), was written by the author, Madeleine Brown

Cover Design by Jim Tabor

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Previous Publications by Contance Kritzberg:
Case Against Case Closed (co-author), 1993
Secrets from the Sixth Floor Window, 1994

Madeleine Duncan Brown is a lifelong resident of Dallas, Texas. [Shown in an unaltered photograph taken in the early 1960s]

Madeleine Duncan Brown

Steven Mark Brown
Beloved son of Madeleine Brown and Lyndon Johnson
December 27, 1950- September 28, 1990

Lyndon Baines Johnson, young and handsome

President Lyndon Johnson

Madeleine Brown, longtime friend Billie Sol Estes, and the late Larry Howard, right, founder of the JFK museum in Dallas, Texas.

Madeleine Duncan, age nineteen

Connie Watson Kritzberg and singer Vic Damone at a press party in 1964. The Cabana Hotel featured a cherub theme throughout. (Publicity Photo)

Val Imm, *Times Herald* Society Editor, and Connie Kritzberg, Home Editor, at a Christmas party.

Tom Altea, WFAA newsman, is shown (with glasses) photographing dying Lee Oswald. Alyea was on the sixth floor of TSBD with officers immediately following the assassination. He writes a newsletter, **JFK Facts** at PO Box 4266, Tulsa. OK 74159. He may also be reached on line at dalas63@tulsaweb.com

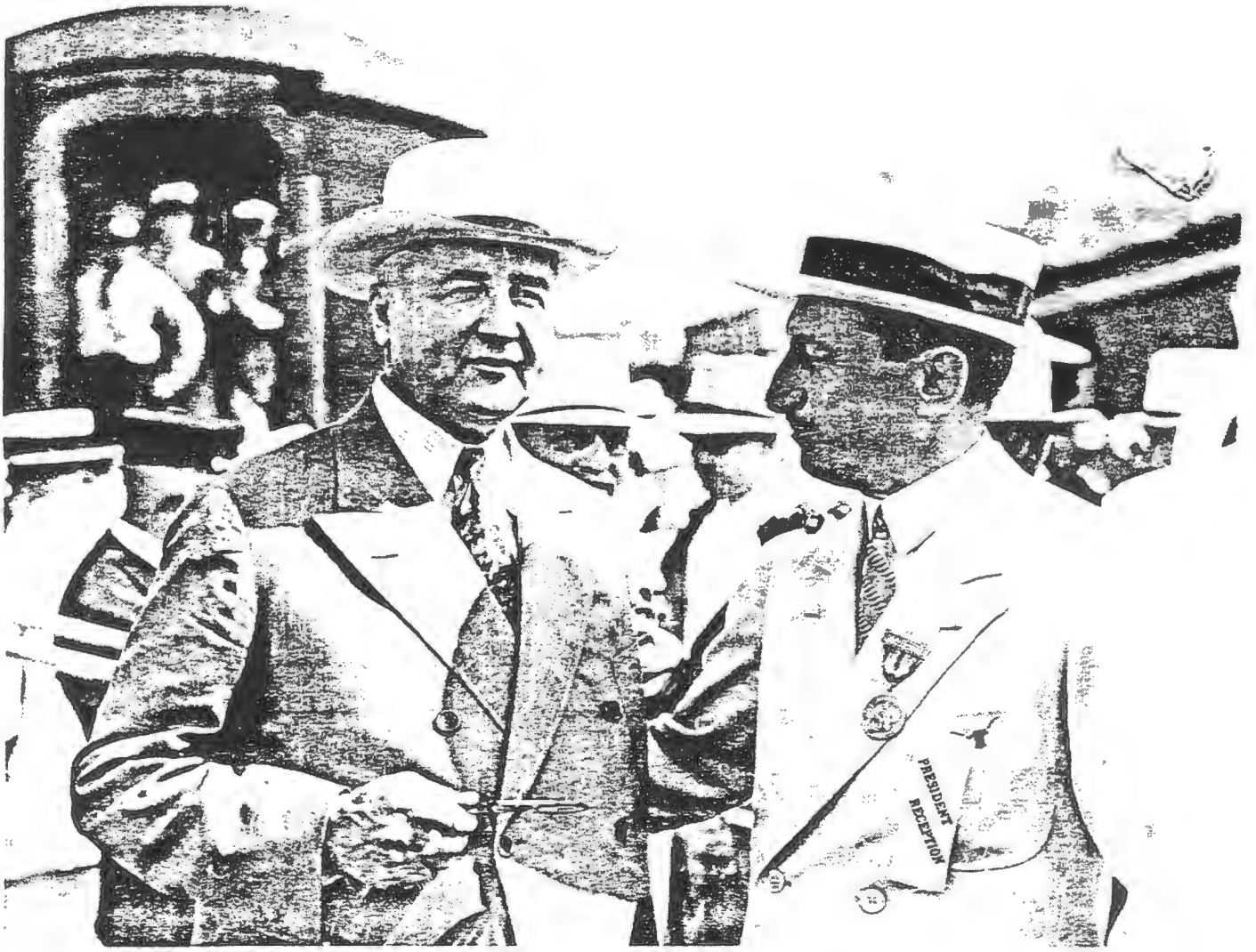
Jim Koethe, crack Dallas Times Herald reporter and Sunday Magazine writer, was murdered in 1964.

Clint Murchison, standing, and guests Gordon Guiberson and Edwin Cowley pose with a bagged mountain lion while at Acuna. One of the guest houses can be seen in the background.

Clint Murchison, Jr., John Dabney Murchison and Clint Sr., at right, talk over family business in 1952. I worked for the Mutchison's interests in 1958.

Mount Vernon (only larger), H.L. Hunt's family home on White Rock Lake in east Dallas. His first wife, Lyda lived there with Hunt's first family. Ruth Hunt, his third wife, moved in years later. Second wife, Frania Tye Hunt, lived in Shreveport, New York and Dallas but she never made it to the "white house."

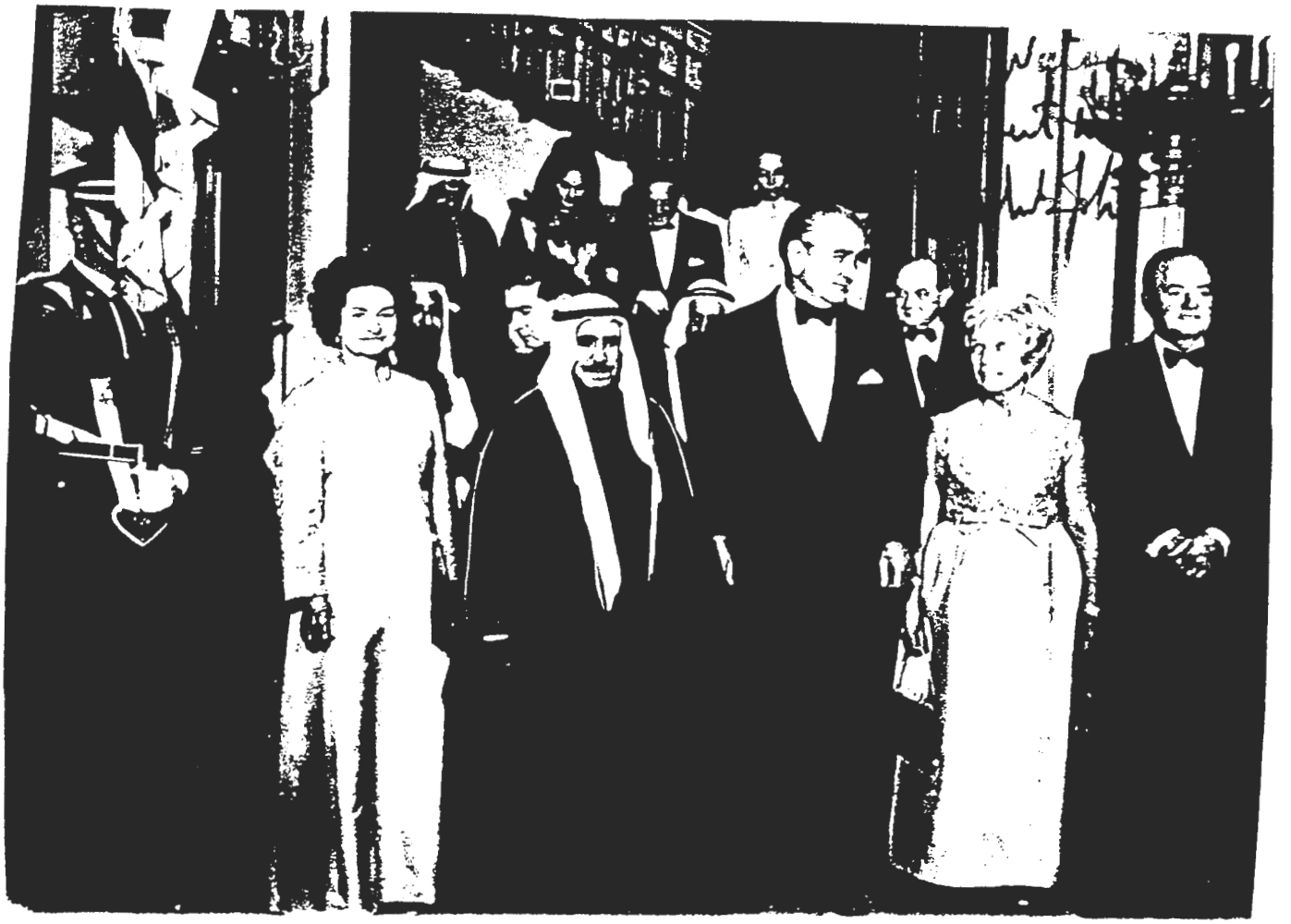
H.L. Hunt's first wife, Lyda, shown at left. Center, H.L. with Ruth after their marriage. At right, the "richest man in the world" reflects on life while standing on the street.



Jesse Jones, left, owner of the *Houston Chronicle*, and "chairman" of the 8F Group. Jones is shown with Banker Fred Florence, Madeleine Brown's first employer.

At Sam Rayburn's funeral

Shown at Sam Rayburn's funeral: John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Ike Eisenhower and Harry Truman. Billie Sol Estes told Madeleine Brown he also attended, accompanied by Malcolm Wallace.



President Johnson shown a second before he gave Muriel Humphrey a light kiss on the cheek, to Hubert's surprise. Others in the front row are Lady Bird Johnson, and officials from Kuwait. Photo taken by Constance Kritzberg at the White House, 1968, and autographed by President Johnson.

H.L. Hunt and Jean Dixon, whom he usually called before making an oil deal.

Dallas Morning News file photo

Herbert "The Cat" Noble rushes home after his wife's death in a 1949 shooting intended for him.

Associated Press

Jack Ruby stands outside his Carousel Club in 1963 with showgirl Kathy Kay (left) and a cigarette girl who identified herself only as Alice.

The Dallas Morning News: David Woo

Associated Press

Joe Campisi (top photo) in 1982 and gambler Lester "Benny" Binion (below).

JACK RUBY's DALLAS

FBI files vividly show 'underbelly' of city

By Steve McGonigle
Washington Bureau of The Dallas Morning News

WASHINGTON — Snap-brim fedoras and snub-nosed .38s. Candy Barr and Chicken Louie. One dollar setups and $10 assault fines. Sol's Turf Bar and the Egyptian Lounge. The Carousel Club.

Pieces of the mosaic that was Jack Ruby's Dallas. The FBI compiled them and, courtesy of a 1992

JFK ASSASSINATION

best-selling assassination book *Case Closed*.

Readers of this version of history might conclude that Dallas teemed with bookies, safecrackers, strippers and hit men whose existences revolved around bars, back rooms and all-night coffee shops.

Police Chief Jesse Curry's cops in Stetsons

"Jack Ruby's Dallas," written after FBI records on Ruby were released, proved to be more than Dallas promoters hoped for. His ties to the underworld were legend. Many believe he knew Lee Oswald.

Crowd standing on Houston Street watching motorcade. Jim Featherston, *Dallas Times Herald* reporter, said "At first I wasn't excited, but then I found myself wanting to yell "Jackieee" with the others. Featherston is at upper left.

Sid Richardson, left, (best friend of Clint Murchison) in happy days with "Ike" Eisenhower

Brown Family Collection (Gift from Grandmother Laura Lee)

Above: Sandow, the muscle man, the secret passion of swooning women in early 20th century America. Madeleine's pet name for Johnson was "my Sandow."

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Madeleine Brown and Constance Kritzberg

Dedicated to researchers
Barb Junkkarinen and Larry Hancock
and
Samuel F. Kritzberg, Ph.D.

Table of Contents

Chapters	Page Numbers
Foreword - Trials and Tribulations	1
Chapter 1 - 'They killed the son of a bitch'	10
Chapter 2 - Cityside	18
Chapter 3 - Cover-Up Hits Home	31
Chapter 4 - WHO IS? The Incredible Madeleine Brown	34
Chapter 5 - Paper Marriage	44
Chapter 6 - Dallas: The Murder Capitol of the World	46
Chapter 7 - H.L. Hunt's World	53
Chapter 8 - "Murk"	60
Chapter 9 - Jolly Jack	74
Chapter 10 - Blood and Red Roses	80
Chapter 11 - King of the Wheeler Dealers: The Estes Empire	83
Recollections...	91
Chapter 12 - My Sandow The President	92
Chapter 13 - Embarrassing Moments	97
Chapter 14 - Shadows	100
Chapter 15 - Live, Learn and Hope	105
Chapter 16 - Surviving the Worst	108
Chapter 17 - Defeated and Disgraced	110
Epilogue - When all was said and done	112

Exhibits **First target map of Dealey Plaza**
Letter regarding Eva Grant
John W. Currington Interview
Checks purported to be for killing of Martin Luther King (Currington)

Foreword

Trials and Tribulations

In 1990, Madeleine Duncan Brown lost her beloved son, Steven Mark Brown to lymphatic cancer, the same disease that killed his paternal grandmother, Rebekah Baines Johnson, mother of Lyndon Baines Johnson. While he lay dying in Dallas' Methodist Hospital, Oliver Stone was in town filming the movie "JFK." Madeleine was interviewed by Stone at the Stoneleigh Hotel, where he told her that he would write her into his script or *definitely* ask her to be a technical consultant as were other Dallasites, including Beverly Oliver, former Colony Club singer, and Jean Hill, eyewitness to the assassination.

"It was just a courtesy on Stone's part," Madeleine says today. "But I politely declined." She further states: "I didn't agree that District Attorney Jim Garrison of Louisiana was the pivotal player in the assassination. I believe then and now in the concept of this manuscript: that *Dallas Did It.*[1] At the time, all her thoughts and prayers were with Steven, whose side she seldom left.

Madeleine and Steven had garnered publicity when Steven filed a ten million dollar patrimony lawsuit against his late father's estate, seeking legal recognition of his name as Steven Johnson and a share of the estate. Madeleine had not revealed the identity of Steven's father to him until she lay near death following a heart attack in 1987. Steven filed the lawsuit over Madeleine's objections. She tried to tell him he was opening a can of worms. "I was aware of the tremendous wealth and power of the Johnson family. Late in Lyndon's life I also learned that he was capable of causing the death of persons who stood in his way. Of course all that will be covered in this book, but then I just wanted to spare Steven a lot of grief. But he went ahead, and even got his law degree so he could represent himself."

[1] *Dallas Did It!* is, of course, a metaphor and none should read into the title any meaning that the city of Dallas or all its citizens, including friends and family of the authors, had anything to do with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Yet we submit the theory that some key players in the tragedy resided in Dallas. Assisted by intelligence members and other groups who wanted the president killed, they saw to it that the deed was done as they wished.

In *Texas in the Morning*, a still unpublished book written by Madeleine Brown from notes she made throughout the years after Steven's birth and finalized in 1992, she writes[2] :

"Our popularity soared as the *Associated Press* and *United Press* wire services spread the word around the world about us. We were invited to appear on the Phil Donahue and Sally Jesse Raphael and Geraldo shows to explain the details of our private lives. We traveled from coast to coast where we found audiences on local talk shows invariably treated us with warmth and understanding. Our mail box was filled with good luck notes and other tributes of affection from people around the world.

Frankly, we both enjoyed the celebrity status. The elevation of our new lives filled us with delight. People now greeted us with comments like: 'You look just like your famous father!' and Steven would always graciously thank them.

Then, on a bitterly cold October morning, the harassment began. There were telephone calls day and night, mail tampered with, strangers following us. A pipe bomb was placed in my automobile, blowing the entire exhaust system away. Fortunately, I was not injured, but an examination of the car later revealed that its brake lines had been severed.

We reported all of these incidents to the Dallas police. Sheriff Bowles' spokesman, Jim Ewell, could only offer advice, urging us to be cautious and screen all calls using an answering machine. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, I received a devastating letter from the Grand Prairie Naval Station. The base was approximately ten minutes from our home. It was the same base Steven had received his military discharge from, some ten years earlier.

Now they were claiming that Steven was a deserter. There had to be a mistake. I was sure I could straighten the matter out with a single telephone call. As it was 5 p.m. Saturday, the Grand Prairie offices were closed. I, therefore, sent them a mailgram, outlining their error, and also forwarded copies to Senator Phil Gramm (a Republican) and Congressman Martin Frost (a Democrat). I pleaded with both Representatives for information about this sudden prosecution. To this day, the U.S Navy has never responded to my inquiry. Congressman Frost agreed that it was a puzzling case, but said that representatives are powerless over the military.

They operate on their own, Steven and I were told, often without the knowledge of their Commander-in-Chief, the President. I had worked as a volunteer in the offices of Senator Gramm. But they claimed to be helpless in finding answers to this dilemma.

My son, Steven, had always been an enthusiastic 'doer', always engaged in one civic project or another. He had, it is true, been stopped by the Dallas police for speeding, and like everyone else, for auto insurance checks. But if there had been any open warrants, he ought to have been taken into custody and arrested on the spot. Why, after ten years, was the Navy pressing a case for desertion?

The harassment continued, and one bitterly cold October morning at 4:30 a.m., I was awakened by extremely loud banging on the antique oval door to my home.

When I went to investigate, two men—one black; one white—immaculately dressed in dark blue suits, brutally pushed their way past me, shouting obscene remarks. 'Where is that lowlife Steven Mark Brown? We're here to arrest him. We hate sorry bastards who commit treason against America! We're Vietnam vets!'

Overwhelmed and shocked, somehow I managed to reply. 'Why don't you check at his home, or call him on his listed telephone?' Then I added, 'He was discharged from the Navy ten years ago!'

I showed them the mailgram, and also a copy of Steven's medical report indicating a diagnosis of lymphatic cancer. I defended my son, pointing out that he had never been a deserter. On the contrary, he—and our family—love America.

Their replies were caustic. They ignored the cries of my two frightened grandsons, Christopher and Jeffrey. These boys lived with me because my older son Jimmy's ex-wife had been a heavy drug user, and I had taken legal guardianship of them to keep them from being placed in foster homes. Both children, as well as my invalid sister, had lights flashed in their faces by the screaming intruders. Then the strangers began ransacking our large two-story home like violent madmen on a mission to destroy.

Stunned and shocked, I demanded to see a search warrant, insisting, 'I want to see one now, or you'll have to leave our home!' They responded defiantly. 'We'll stay as long as we want.'

I was furious and getting more angry by the minute, I could easily have chewed the bark off the live oak tree in our yard. My red hair literally stood straight up, like an attack dog in full fury. Instinctively, I reached into my gun cabinet, pulled out my faithful Charles Daly shotgun, and turned the barrel on them. 'Guess again, guys. You are on your way out of our home. We don't have to take this kind of treatment.'

As I began to forcefully march them to the front door, they belligerently yelled. 'We'll be back for that sorry traitor! We'll get him one way or the other!'

I felt so utterly helpless and hurt. All I could do was calm my innocent loved ones, holding them close to me. We loved Steven with all our hearts.

He was a saint to us. I tried to comfort the children, but their little hearts were broken. They sobbed for the duration of that day.

I pleaded with Steven to drop his lawsuit. It seemed to me that if he took that step, the harassment would end. He replied. 'Mother, that's what they want me to do!'

While the two bullies never returned, a higher power was successful in having Steven's quest for justice arrested. While I was attending my invalid sister, Steven was arrested in the presence of his two nephews. Although he showed the police his identification plus his medical record, he was taken to the Dallas County Court House and then to a hospital. It did not stop there. The U.S. Navy then sent personnel to the hospital, handcuffed Steven's hands behind him, and threw him into a military van, where he was forced to endure the nine-hour drive to the Corpus Christi Texas Naval Air Station.

I still shed tears over the military's barbaric treatment of my son. It is difficult to believe that anyone deserved this kind of inhuman brutality. especially a man who was the son of the late Lyndon B. Johnson.

After forty-eight hours of unsuccessful attempts to reach Admiral Taylor of the Corpus Christi Naval Air Station, I finally made contact with one of the staff's top medical officers, a man who appeared to be somewhat sympathetic. He told me he would order a full investigation. He also agreed to release Steven so that my son could return home a few days before Christmas.

Instead, they transferred him to the Army's Brooks General Hospital in San Antonio, where his father's records were stored. There the army gave him a bone marrow test.

I flew to San Antonio and had a conference with the medical staff, who indicated they would release Steven at 7 p.m. When I returned to Brooks, I found my son's bed empty. Steven was gone! I almost collapsed on the spot. No one would talk to me. They acted like zombies.

Upon returning home I hired a Capitol Hill private detective. Finally, after two months, we located Steven in Bethesda Naval Hospital and brought him back to Texas where he was confined to a hospital until his demise.

During this ordeal, Steven's lawsuit was dismissed on grounds that he had failed to appear for his court date.

Some weeks before Steven passed away, he looked up at me to say, 'You know, you are right! Those people wield insurmountable power and clout. They realized I would have won my case the minute I walked into that courtroom."

'Steven,' I said, in a voice as filled with as much love as I could muster, 'you have won. You'll always be a winner. You wanted people to know your father was Lyndon Baines Johnson...and that news has gone around the world!'

Then I quickly changed the subject because I realized how much pain and discomfort Steven was in.

'Hey, Big Guy, you know you have always been the apple of my eye. You know how much I love you!'

Steven's handsome face glowed. His accented dimpled cheeks wrinkled. 'Mother,' he replied, 'there just aren't enough measuring cups in the world!'

'Right,' I agreed, blowing him kisses from my hand, and gently closed the door to his room so that he could finally get some rest."

Continuing her story in an interview, Madeleine said: "Then in 1992, John Pieplo and another man who worked with him, contacted me about writing a book. Thinking about it, I said that I would if it could be dedicated to Steven and the proceeds go to a trust in his name for cancer research. They agreed and we signed a contract.

"They rented a little office for me on Jefferson Street, installed a computer, and hired an editor at a university in Massachusetts. While I was keeping my part of the bargain, they sold copies of the many photographs that were to go in the book. We commissioned an artist in Dallas and he designed a beautiful cover. It had a cut out with the Driskill Hotel, where Lyndon and I shared so many hours, showing through.

"Then, after collecting all the money they could—some from friends of mine—I found out they were bankrupt. Now not only would my book not be published, but I felt so badly for anyone who had invested in the venture."

In 1993, friends of Madeleine submitted her book to several major publishing houses. All rejected it. Madeleine resigned herself to the lack of publication. "I believe that it may never be published while Lady Bird is alive. That's where the power is."

This year (1996) she has been courted by several groups hinting at massive contracts, which never pan out. She has even been told that a movie may be made about her life without her consent, based primarily on a 1987 "People" magazine article about her.

Madeleine Brown would like for the truth about her love for Lyndon Baines Johnson be told and, someday soon, it will be.

From 1992 until 1996, she gave copies of her manuscript to several persons including Harrison Livingstone, author of *High Treason, Killing the Truth* and *Killing Kennedy*, Glen Sample and Mark Collom, authors of *The Men on the Sixth Floor*, and Steven Pegues, author of a manuscript entitled *The Texas Mafia*. Pegues, who has friends in common with Madeleine, was allowed to use her book for research. *Texas in the Morning* was copyrighted and listed with the Library of Congress, leaving Madeleine to believe others would not dare to lift material from her book

and claim it as their own. Unfortunately a whole chapter from her book appeared on the Internet.

Sample and Collom's book led a California newspaper to ask a Dallas researcher to write a review. The researcher claimed there was no proof that Madeleine was the mistress of Lyndon Johnson. There is, which "People" magazine acknowledged. However, when I read *The Men on the Sixth Floor*, I was struck with the authors' statement, made amidst effusive praise of Madeleine, that she "has numerous little notes from Lyndon which have been authenticated by handwriting experts."

Madeleine Brown insists that she never made such a claim, but since it can be traced back to a well known author, it persists. Where the mistake occurred is Madeleine's explanation that her book, *Texas in the Morning*, began with numerous notes she made about her and Steven's life after his birth. These she used to begin writing *Texas in the Morning.* Told about the notes, others may have misinterpreted what Madeleine meant. Except for one letter from attorney Jerome Ragsdale, the conduit of money from LBJ to Madeleine, Lyndon almost thoroughly covered his Yeti-like tracks. Ragsdale wrote after Johnson's death that she would continue to be cared for as Lyndon wished. That letter has been authenticated, though it proved to contain false promises.

Now Sample and Collom can't remember where they heard the comment, and have stated they will correct the content in a second printing. Giving them credit for good intentions, Madeleine still suffered as a result.

Mary Ferrell, well known Dallas researcher, telephoned Madeleine, to tell her that one entire chapter from *Texas In the Morning* was on the Internet!

When people write Madeleine's Brown's work as their own, I wonder why they don't distribute the following passage from *Texas In the Morning:*

"The following morning I lay back against the white satin pillow and looked toward the large bedroom window. Lyndon was standing naked against the glass, his hands spread wide on the ledge, enjoying the scarlet sunrise.

I pulled the satin sheet up about my own naked body and willed Lyndon to turn around. He didn't move. I wanted him to come back to bed, but I didn't want to ask.

I changed my position against the pillow. I looked down at the innocent swelling of my breasts beneath the sheet and blushed. Was it obvious? Could anybody tell at a glance that I had been making love—wild, searing love? I pulled my fingers through my hair trying to determine how tangled it was.

There had been a Greta Garbo film about a queen who was trapped in a wayside inn with a man. He did not know that she was a queen.

And as the snow separated them from the outside world, they stayed in a room and made love. The queen had wandered around their quarters touching the now familiar objects and consigning them to her memory. For she would never return to the room and she knew nothing with the man would ever be the same again.

I wondered what in Lyndon's hotel suite could be stored away in my memory. The dark-stained plank flooring and green wool rug? The textured walls that were painted white? The beamed ceiling that matched the dark walnut floor? Or the four-poster feather bed?

I knew Lyndon loved me and I loved him, but his political career was skyrocketing.

Suddenly Lyndon threw open the double-arched windows and staring at the blazing sunrise, bellowed like a bull. "Goddamn, I love Texas in the morning!"

Lyndon's outburst shocked me back to reality and I looked over once more toward him at the opened windows. A shiver of wind, the first of the day. tugged at the curtains and he turned and approached me.

I felt myself becoming hot and moist and was ashamed. I lowered my gaze. Lyndon took my chin in his hand and forced it up so that he could look into my eyes. I wanted him to kiss me. To embrace me and press me back into the satin pillows and hold me tight and make me forget everything—except the marvelous feeling that had consumed me the last time.

Lyndon leaned forward again. He looked into my eyes for several seconds and then abruptly kissed me with such passion that I expected to taste blood on my lips. His hard shoulders bore me down. I trembled beneath his hands as he cupped the soft skin of my inner thighs.

"I met a reformed cannibal one time." he said, lowering his mouth to my breast. "and he told me what part of the human body was the tastiest." His head moved to the area below my abdomen.

I was moaning softly as my hips undulated, nudging him toward them. With hot. heavy breaths I asked, "What part? What *part?* What part!!"

After our "love rendezvous," Lyndon told me about buying the old Martin homestead. close to his birthplace. He had always wanted to be a rancher and was like a little boy with a new toy. "Hell, it is so run-down that chickens can run their necks up through the floor of the old house. But I grew up here on the Pedernales River. with family and cousins. I can identify with everything in the rolling hills. with beautiful wild flowers and wildlife. I bought this old place at a real bargain. only twenty thousand. You know, Madeleine. my old man rode the countryside the day I was born and told everyone a United States Senator had been born."

It was on this ranch, that belonged to an aunt, that his family had celebrated many reunions and holidays. He had played there as a child, building dreams that he would even be President one day. Eventually it became the LBJ ranch. "Goddamn, it's a big achievement for someone who was born poor in the hill country."

That passage from *Texas in the Morning* says more about Lyndon Johnson and the young, beautiful Madeleine Brown than most passages that have appeared in print without her permission.

A Reporter's Experience

I left my career of reporter and editor due to health problems. Journalism had been my career choice since I was nine years old and it never disappointed me. However, in the 1980s, I experienced increasing difficulty using my right hand, which doctors attributed the problem to arthritis. In 1989, I noticed tingling in my right leg, and again reported to my physician. She immediately scheduled several neurological tests, which determined that I had a arteriovenous malformation in the left side of brain which had burst and bled. Now I have only gross motor movement in that hand, and type with my left hand only, creating a plethora of typos. Thank God for spell check! (A useful tool, but one that does not solve every problem.)

I became CEO of a human service organization and spent eight years assisting persons with disabilities find their way through life. Having worked on a Dallas newspaper the day of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, I was never able to turn my back emotionally on the greatest, although accidental, news assignment of the century, or at least of my life. Now that I approach sixty five, I find that interviewing people, finding their uniqueness, and having a genuine interest in communicating the essence of their lives has become my raison d'etre.

Meeting Madeleine Brown, as described in *Dallas Did It*, Chapter 4, was a natural for both of us, having worked in an era when friendships between reporters and public relations agents were both pleasurable and beneficial to both. The PR people promoted their products—people or things—and reporters were always on the prowl for stories. We understood the way we thought and operated. Further, she is a "pro," the best in what she does, to the benefit of any joint project.

The book began to grow as we talked many times about the involvement of "Dallas" in the assassination. When we discovered that we had no significant disagreement about factual matters, we decided to convey our beliefs in print, by combining what she had already written and my own contributions.

The process has been a revelation for me in three ways—first, in realizing that Madeleine Brown is a significant figure in American history; second, finding that so many persons interested in the assassination mystery wear blinders when hearing her experiences; and thirdly, observing how those same persons fail to recognize her gift of living a unique life. Simultaneously, my understanding of the weight of her experiences as they relate to current historical events has been enhanced.

Only by this experience, compiling the beginning of a book together, could I ever have found that she is highly intelligent and well educated in politics and the Texas story, a quick wit, and a person of great recall. (Her notes were just the beginning—she can finish a quotation before I begin it, and recite where and when an event occurred in an instant.) Further, she has a great Southern feminine graciousness that prompts her to help others in their search for facts, and she has the innate honesty that on occasion leaves her open to advantages unfairly taken by others.

Madeleine Brown is a strong and forgiving woman. When "abused" by some, she "lets it be," where I would seek vengeance. She is polite in vengeful instances, whereas I cannot always resist pointing out the transgressions of others when they affect me. Although she has faults and weaknesses as all humankind does, Madeleine Duncan Brown excels in inner strength and outward kindness.

When my interest in JFK was rekindled, I self-published a book, *Secrets From the Sixth Floor Window*. I refused in 1994 to name shooters and trajectories as many writers do. I broadly hinted at what I thought happened in a docufiction section entitled "Dateline Dallas."

Now, after many conversations with Madeleine, we are secure in this pre-publication of *Dallas Did It!* We publish what will be a book as fact. Madeleine has educated me like none of the entire library on the Kennedy assassination could. There might be something we don't agree on, but I haven't found it yet. Both of us know that there was involvement of the "invisible government." But we submit that Dallas made sure it happened.

We believe that Billie Sol Estes was right when he told Madeleine that researchers. "...look all around and into the thing, and make it much harder than it really is..."

There are only 100 signed copies of this paper, each numbered. The bones are all here, although before a real book is published, we will surely add more flesh.

In the meantime, I have the added benefit of knowing and working with Madeleine Brown.

1

'They killed the son of a bitch'

Madeleine Brown was in a hurry just before noon, November 22, 1963. She dashed to the old red courthouse in downtown Dallas for a brief get-together with political acquaintances; her bags were packed and in her car. She needed to finalize plans with each of her political friends...when and where to meet in Austin that evening. Her thoughts were not focused on her associates or even President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Instead she was savoring the promised moment later in the day when she would see, and if she was lucky, be with her long-time lover, the Vice President of the United States.

Lyndon had called her that morning seething at Kennedy—something she had grown accustomed to. He was at the Texas Hotel in Forth Worth, the same hotel where the President was staying. "I have to go hear the fucking Irish Mafia speech," he complained. But he promised to be in Austin that evening. They were both to attend a Democratic Party fund raiser to be held in Austin that night. John Connally was to be among the speakers. Madeleine already had a printed program entitled "A Day Long to Remember." [3]

The irony of that title has never left her.

As she dashed into the courthouse she found several of her political associates, Federal Judge Sarah Hughes, County Judge Lew Sterrett, and Mike McKool, prominent Dallas attorney and a Democratic Party leader. "I can still see Sterrett," Madeleine said recently. "A little short guy smoking a fat cigar. He was called the fixer...if you had to change something but couldn't do it legally, you called Lew," Madeleine recalls. She found the group loudly and vehemently criticizing the leader of their own political party and the country, John F. Kennedy. "Why did they let that Commie President come to Dallas?" one said. Another laughed and praised the "Wanted for Treason" flyers which H. L. Hunt had spewed all over Dallas. If they didn't go outside to cheer the President's motorcade, it would not be surprising. Madeleine is not sure if they were invited to attend the by-invitation-only luncheon at the Dallas Trade Mart. If so, they were strangely late.

It is more likely that these three in particular were boycotting the noon-time gala. The audience, which never heard or saw the President that Friday, was comprised of wealthy Dallasites, civic and political leaders and, of course, the press.

She remembers that Lyndon had engineered Sarah Hughes' appointment as a Federal judge over the objections of many Dallas attorneys. "They hated her, but he did it anyway. I thought she was a bitch too. But he probably owed her something. That's the way he was...whatever he wanted to do, he did."

Rather than confronting the loud argument among people on the same side of the fence, but each with his or her own opinion (overwhelming any possible casual conversation), Madeleine, a born advertising woman, blew them a kiss. "I did that a lot, just telling people they needed to calm down, then I said I'd see them in Austin. Since it was a five hour drive in those days, I left and went to Titche-Goettinger in Oak Cliff to have my hair styled. Jesse had called [Jesse Kellam, manager of the Johnson-owned Austin television station KTBC] and told me that I might get to stay three or four days. After Lyndon sent Kennedy back to Washington, he might be able to see me. It was always that way. I had to be prepared.

"I drove over the Trinity River, just a short distance and parked at Titche's. When I went into the beauty salon, Walter Cronkite was giving his news report that the president was dead, the faltering voice cracking with emotion.

"I ran back home. I guess I just left my bags in the car. First I called Lew Sterrett, who was still at the courthouse. He said, 'Yeah, they killed the son-of-a-bitch.'

"Then he said he heard that Lyndon was shot, too. I went into a panic. I turned on television sets and radios all over the house."

Madeleine watched and listened as most of the country did that day. In the replays that emerged from the time the presidential group first landed in Fort Worth, Texas, and then later sky-hopped east to Dallas, she took in their faces. "I couldn't take my eyes from their faces. Lyndon's expression during Kennedy's breakfast speech. He had a snarly look on his face. John Connally looked so worried from the moment he came down the steps from the plane, and he stayed that way except some in the motorcade when he waved his hat. But most of the time, you could see he was grieved or worried. I saw scenes that showed Lyndon was bent down almost on the floor of his car on his car phone. They said Rufus Youngblood [Secret Service agent assigned to the Vice President] jumped on top of him. But he didn't at first. I think Lyndon was prepared for something to happen."

Among her swirling thoughts as she helplessly sat on the sofa and heard facts and errors reported (first that Lyndon had suffered a second heart attack, then that Lyndon had disappeared, that there was a conspiracy to kill all of the politicians in the motorcade from Kennedy down to Yarborough) one thought pushed to the surface and wouldn't go away.

She remembered vividly the party held just the night before—November 21. If Madeleine Brown were less honest and stubborn about the truth as she knows it, she might benefit from burying that memory in her subconscious. But hell no, she was there!

Clint Murchison's secretary had called her at work and said, "Come on over." The secretary sounded excited, and when Madeleine heard that J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, would be among the guests, she became interested. Not all of the "political socials" (political parties) were interesting. She attended them because she had to. She remembers she wore a navy blue Lilly Ann suit to work, suitable for day or night. "We used to have frilly collared blouses that softened the business look, and I would sometimes change blouses to a dressier one for night." She worked late until the party began at 7:30 or so.

Madeleine went by herself, driving far north of what was the city in those days, to the Murchison estate on Preston Road. The atmosphere was subdued, official. Any chatter came from the young women there. There were fifteen to twenty people present, but Madeleine didn't tally the group. Madeleine says, "I thought it was to honor J. Edgar Hoover. He just sat there, kind of acting like he was above us all."

Madeleine remarks, "I think that was the first time I personally met John J. McCloy. I had seen him at banks where he made appearances." Present were Clint, Sr., McCloy, R. L. Thornton, Peter O'Donnell (head Republican leader, who officed in the same building with Madeleine and did business with her firm) George Brown, and other Brown and Root executives. The only women Madeleine knew well were Val Imm, *Dallas Times Herald* Society Editor and Jeanne Barnes, a *Dallas Morning News* editor. Madeleine vividly remembers Val being present for a reason. As the party began to end, a number of guests had left, when suddenly a surprise guest arrived—Lyndon Johnson. "You could have heard a pin drop," Madeleine said. Clint made a gesture toward a room off the large living room, and without a spoken word, the men went behind closed double doors for a period of some twenty minutes.

During that time Madeleine had a second drink and chatted with Val. As she finished her drink, the men returned and Lyndon "sidled" up to Madeleine. With hatred in his voice, he growled, "That damn Irish Mafia will never embarrass me again. And that's a promise!"

Did Madeleine think he was referring to politics or something more drastic? "Well, it gave me a real queasy feeling," she remembers. [I think a woman who didn't become psychotic after having a pipe bomb explode in her car has good judgment when to feel "queasy."]

She remembers that businessmen often brought their secretaries to parties and conventions where there might be special hors d'oeuvres and entertainment. Billie Sol Estes remarked at one convention, "I've

never seen so many men with their daughters." Surely the remark was meant tongue in cheek.

Madeleine left soon after Lyndon, and drove home. She remembers that Val's column about the party appeared on the front page of the women's section in its customary position. Having mislaid the column some thirty years later, Madeleine called Val and asked if she had a copy. Val told Madeleine that she was going on vacation but would look it up when she returned. After her return, Val (now married to Dr. Fauod Bashour, a member of the Parkland team which worked on the dying President), decided she hadn't been there after all.[4] Madeleine was surprised, because she vividly remembered the column, and searched for the column at the Dallas library. The edition saved on microfilm did not carry the column, a matter that has frustrated Madeleine for years.

According to Jane Wolfe, author of *The Murchisons*, in the early 1960s Clint Sr. had decided that the "big house" was more than he and his wife, Ginny, needed since the boys were grown. John Dabney Murchison, his youngest son, and family were in too small a home (for the Murchisons)—ergo, the two families should swap homes. Never mind that John's wife, Lupe, had other ideas. The switch was made. In coming years, Clint Sr. lived more often in East Texas and John soon became an almost full time New York City resident. That left the "big house" available for social events. The party that night was one such event.

Before Larry Howard died, he called Madeleine and asked if she had seen Barnes, the *Dallas Morning News* editor, at the November 21 party. Barnes was well connected socially and went to many special parties. When Madeleine said she did, Howard said that Barnes told him she had been there.

A story published in the LA Times quoted Oliver Stone saying he could prove that the party was held. Madeleine said she was told about the story, but hasn't seen it. The statement was related to Stone's film "Nixon, " in which the party was depicted although with liberal changes in setting and conversation. Author Harrison Livingstone wrote in *Killing*

[4]Val Imm Bashour was kind when I called her fairly recently. But she seems to have developed a type of missing memory I call "JFK amnesia," and doesn't seem to remember ever hearing about Madeleine Brown until I reminded her that Madeleine hired her to do "voice over commercials" in those years. Why do I have no problem believing that Madeleine attended that famous party? Never have I known more knowledgeable persons who have JFK amnesia. They include Jim Lehrer of the PBS television show, the "MacNeil-Lehrer Report"; only recently Ken Smart, "Herald" City Editor and Bert Holmes, Herald Managing Editor (who simply would not answer my letter). Interestingly, Lehrer remembered me well enough to write me that he couldn't remember any of the old bunch.

the Truth, wrote that he had verified that "at least" Hoover, LBJ, H.L. Hunt, Clint Murchison, George Brown, Bruce Alger, McCloy, were at the party, but does not write how the verification was made.

After the assassination. Madeleine was as riveted to her television set as other citizens. She writes:

"I then called Jesse Kellam, who reiterated what Judge Sterrett had told me.

The first fragmentary reports over the wire services indicated that Lyndon, rather than the Governor, was the second victim. In those hectic and confused moments, Secret Service Agent Rufus Youngblood testified that upon hearing the gun shot, he had pounced on Lyndon in his seat and slammed him to the floor to protect him. The jolt had apparently injured Lyndon, and he was still in pain when he arrived at Parkland Hospital. Seeing him bent forward and holding his chest, some reporters naturally assumed he had also been shot.

Jesse always had a calming effect on me. He said he would be calling with further information. I then turned on the radio and TV, shamefully relieved but still stunned by the horrible news. More detailed reports indicated that it was Big John Connally and not Lyndon who had been wounded.

At Parkland Hospital, the President was pronounced dead. Lyndon, waiting for information, stood in a small anteroom known as Cubicle 13, dramatically muttering over and over, 'The International Communists did it.. . the International Communists did it.'

The Vice President was notified at 1:13 p.m. that President Kennedy had died. Thirteen minutes later, Lyndon was hustled into an unmarked police car to be driven at considerable speed to Love Field Airport, where Air Force One, the Presidential jet, was waiting. Apparently fearing conspirators in his midst. Lyndon made the trip crouched on the floor of the police car. Had number 13 come back to haunt Lyndon? The Box 13 Scandal, Cubicle 13, the news of Kennedy's death reaching him at 1:13 p.m. or was it a strange sort of political karma? Even after Lyndon's demise, the number '13' surfaced again when his own son passed away on Friday, September 28, 1990 at exactly 1:13 p.m.

Tear-stained, frightened parents, fearing further violence, rushed to schools to get their children. Mr. Ragsdale went to St. George's Episcopal School to pick up Jimmy and Steven.

At home, I continued to watch post-assassination events through glazed eyes. A somber-faced Lyndon took the oath of office in the cramped

executive suite of Air Force One. At his right stood Lady Bird; to his left the numbed Jacqueline Kennedy. Federal Judge Sarah T. Hughes, a political appointee of Lyndon's, administered the oath. She used a Roman Catholic prayer book rather than a Bible (some have said the prayer book belonged to the late President). Judge Hughes, in her usual polka-dotted dress, remained very calm and collected during the ceremony. She showed no signs of emotion, and certainly no traces of hysteria.

As she left Air Force One, Judge Hughes said to the new President. 'We'll back you, Lyndon.' Sarah Hughes was so high tempered that she would cite lawyers with contempt and order them to jail. When she had cooled off, she would have the bailiff return them to the courtroom.

Sometimes pictures speak louder than words. I was dismayed to no end when Albert Thomas winked at Lyndon while Lady Bird smiled. Jackie appeared to be in a state of shock.

I was also overwhelmed with sadness. I could hardly cope with my emotions. I wept for the fallen President's family. Air Force One arrived at Andrews Air Force Base. A navy ambulance was waiting to take Kennedy's coffin to Bethesda Naval Hospital for an autopsy.

Lyndon delivered a brief statement to the nation, hurriedly written by Liz Carpenter only minutes before landing. 'This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a day of deep personal tragedy. I know the world shares sorrow with Mrs. Kennedy and her family. I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help and God's.' He quickly departed to the White House to begin work.

Back in the capitol, the marquee outside Austin's Municipal Auditorium still carried its greetings to the Kennedys.

The sixteen-ounce steaks had been prepared, $300,000 worth of tickets had been sold and 3,000 souvenir programs had been printed. Another item awaited—an unopened letter from Senator Herring concerning the oil depletion allowance.

Confusion and hysteria prevailed. There were newspaper extras as the assassination story dominated the media. About a half hour after the assassination, a Dallas policeman, J.D. Tippit, was killed halfway between Lee Harvey Oswald's and Jack Ruby's apartments.

Lee Harvey Oswald was apprehended in Oak Cliff at the neighborhood Texas Theater. He was arrested by Officer Nick McDonald after a struggle and taken to the Dallas City Jail. During the interrogation, young Lee Harvey Oswald denied firing the fatal shots at President Kennedy. He also denied killing police officer J.D. Tippit. He insisted that he was a patsy. Today many researchers believe Lee Harvey Oswald never fired a shot.

Jimmy, Steven, and I remained at home. I was hoping to hear from Jesse. The silence was agonizing! How I wished I could talk to Lyndon.

Sunday, the boys and I attended a special high Mass at St. George's Episcopal Church celebrated by the Reverend Father Frank Jarrett in tribute to the Kennedys and the new Commander in Chief, President Johnson and his family. People were still weeping over the tragedy.

As we arrived at my mother's, Miss Laurie, my grandmother, met us at the door with the news that crazy Jack Ruby had just shot Oswald under the watchful eyes of Dallas police officers in the basement of City Hall. She was almost hysterical, crying, 'This city is going loco. It's like a lunatic asylum.' She finally calmed down enough to tell me I had an urgent message from Mr. Ragsdale.

Ragsdale was blunt and curt, 'Madeleine, you and the boys may be in big danger. You need to get the hell out of Dallas as soon as possible.'

I didn't understand why we were in danger!

Ragsdale explained, 'You are too close to Lyndon; you and Jack Ruby have been seen together, along with me, H.L. Hunt, and Jesse Kellam. You've been at socials where Hoover and Tolson have been, and God knows where else. I know you have been to the Campisis' hot spot Egyptian Lounge on Mockingbird. The FBI has continuously photographed people who dine there. You just need to exercise extreme caution. Don't call me or Jesse Kellam; I'll contact you as soon as I can.'

I took a deep breath, hastily regained my composure, turned and said, Miss Laurie, let's go to the farm in Josephine for a few days. Let Dallas go loco without us.

As we hurriedly packed, Jimmy, Steven, and our gorgeous Weimaraner hunting dogs (Karla Frau, Heinei Achtung, and field trial champion Schnapps Achtung) took their places in the station wagon. We were desperate for peace and quiet.

Lyndon had been catapulted into what, at the moment, appeared to be the most dangerous job in the world. I was even more sorry for myself. I knew Lyndon would be so busy I probably would not get to see him-even for a rare and precious fifteen minute interval. Eventually these morbid fears gave way to the more depressing consideration of the Presidency itself.

Dallas was in a total state of disgrace, disbelief, and despair as the world was repeatedly exposed to the horrible scenes of the assassination. How did this happen? Had one unstable individual followed an irrational impulse? Had the powerful 8F (a group of rich, ultra-conservative oilmen and others with great power who frequently met at suite 8F at the Lamar Hotel in Houston) finally succumbed to violence? Was it the act of the Invisible Government (FBI, CIA, or Military)? It could have been a combination of more than one of these elements?

In the anguish of that Friday afternoon, little work was done in the city! Many places of business closed in the shock and confusion.

Great numbers of the normally busy population filled the churches and synagogues. Across the breadth of the city, people knelt at altars or

sat solemnly in pews. The silence of prayers and meditation were broken only by occasional heart-rending sobs.

The spontaneous expressions of sorrow extended into the night. Downtown in the chapel of the First United Methodist Church, mourners remained a full forty hours after the assassination. At Temple Emanuel, mourners overflowed the High Sanctuary.

Almost all city services closed in response to the tragic event. Only emergency crews remained active.

Mayor Earle Cabell, despite somewhat negative feelings for Kennedy. immediately called for a day of prayer on Saturday. He requested that churches and synagogues remain open from midnight to midnight.

We know one man who quickly put in an appearance at the synagogue, Jack Ruby. But Ruby was farthest from my thoughts on Friday. I knew him well, but another one of my friends first came to mind. Billie Sol Estes was being sold down the river by all his friends close to Lyndon and believe me, he knew them all. But he was holding tight and wouldn't say anything bad about Lyndon. By 1965, he would be sent to prison for seven years for fraud and every sin the prosecutor could conjure up. I told Billie Sol that I thought he had the worst luck ever! That Friday, I thought of Billie Sol, and thought thank God Billie Sol's safe. Right then I was glad Lyndon hadn't gotten him a seat in the motorcade, because some shots might have been fired at cars further back. But, truthfully, Billie Sol Estes was worth more to Lyndon alive than dead.

Billy Sol Estes has been my friend for many years. He was no more guilty than any successful Texas "wheeler and dealer."

I knew Jack Ruby well enough to know that he'd be right in the thick of things. I think my ESP was in high gear that terrible Friday!

Assassinate me you may; intimidate me
you will not.

John Philpot Curran
(1750-1817)
Irish Statesman

2

Cityside

Madeleine Brown and I got into a friendly fuss recently when we were talking about television footage shown immediately after the assassination. My great friend Larry Hancock was in my office sharing the speaker phone with Madeleine and me. I asked her if she saw a particular TV shot, and she shot back, "Well sure, we all were watching TV that day." It took me a second to defend myself, to Larry's delight. Finally I got in a word edgewise. "Madeleine, I was working!" She got the picture.

I started out November 22, 1963 on as big a "high" as Madeleine Brown had, but for another reason. I was a reporter and was going back to cityside for the afternoon to work as a rewrite "man" during the President's visit. Hot damn! That's as good as it gets! I didn't envy any of the reporters out along the motorcade route waiting for a glimpse of Kennedy. And for all the people at the Trade Mart, I felt down right sorry for them.

My friend Keith Shelton was there and my boss, Vivian Castlberry, plus probably some of the publishers' friends. Later, I thought Jim Featherston, who caught Jean Hill and Mary Moorman, was a close to second to me in the lucky spot contest.

You've got to understand print reporters in the 1960s. As yet we were still highly regarded and some of us were even respected. It was a romantic era for us. Some held star status; in close competition with sports stars. In the movies we were played by Spencer Tracy or Frederick

March. Press cards could get a reporter in, while the ordinary citizen waited in line. We were given free passes to Six Flags Over Texas, and most of us attended the gigantic barbecue sponsored annually by the Texas State Fair. Most reporters tried to be as Bohemian as possible, while doing their jobs competently. The "who", "what", "where" and "why" had better be the way it happened, or at least written approximating the editorial point of view of their employer. Reporters from both papers, the *Dallas Morning News* and *The Dallas Times Herald*, where I worked, were fiercely competitive. We were generally clannish and fraternized with others working for our own paper.

Dallas residents, if they read the Dallas Morning News, thought the Herald was "flaming liberal". Those who preferred the Herald considered the News "reactionary and right wing". What idealists. The papers were pure capitalistic enterprises. The publishers met to decide which side of any controversy each would take. Though both publishers owned television stations, dominance by on-scene television news had not yet arrived. Jokes were made about newspapers being something "to wrap the garbage in", but they were closely scrutinized. An article was called a story, and many stories were carefully snipped from the page and dated to prove a point.

There are three hard and fast rules for success as a reporter: Drink Scotch whiskey with branch (water), show no fear, show no shame—even if you did jump in a fight with guys at the Press Club and throw a few punches when you were falling down drunk. We were proud when the Press Club banned the "Herald" from further holiday parties. Oh one more rule—never admit having a hangover. Go to work and tough it out. I think I passed all the tests.

At first I was an obituary writer, covering feature assignments after the "obits" had been written and gone to press. Six months' later, the position of Home Editor became available and I moved across the newsroom to the women's section. But that day, I was assigned to help out on "citysaide" where the "hard news" was written. The term "hard news" gained a new meaning in Dallas on November 22, 1863.

The scenario for the day was an editing challenge...one that made the *Dallas Morning News'* situation a stroll in the park. They had all afternoon to work before their first Presidential edition—we had a half hour. For the reporter or rewrite person, the assignment that day meant fast thinking and typing. Two editions had gone to press, and the deadline for the largest edition—the Home Edition—had been rolled back to 1 p.m. from its scheduled time of 12:30 p.m. Essentially we were to write and edit most of an entire news section in a half hour. At least five editions would be published by the Herald that day, totaling over 250,000 newspapers.

The newsroom could have been the setting for a factory. Windows were only on the south side. Desks were gray metal. Telephones were mounted on the sides of reporters' desks with headsets, so our fingers

were free to type. There were no paintings on the wall; linoleum covered the floor. The large rectangular newsroom was divided by a wide corridor without walls leading straight from the "public" entrance. Outsiders reached the newsroom entrance by elevators from the first floor entrance to the Dallas Times Herald building. The newsroom corridor led to the enclosed Dallas office of the Associated Press. The opening to AP was large and teletypes had been frenetically clicking all day. We were all acutely aware that the President was coming.

Across an aisle was the small entertainment section, business and sports. Sports Editor Blackie Sherrod was darkly handsome, and a good writer as well. We accused the sports writers of getting unprecedented perks, from trips to expensive sports clothes. They denied it. But we knew they lied.

Down that small aisle occasionally dashed Jack Ruby, headed for the entertainment writers. Not on November 22, but often enough that I recognized him, always dressed in a business suit and snappy fedora. He was usually passing out tickets to the entertainment writers whereas I haunted them to get opera and ballet tickets. He was not loud not obnoxious at the "Herald." I have found that many Jewish men share fondness for wearing hats, and in that culture wearing hats indoors is okay, probably stemming from the yamaka. Ken Smart said that once Jack Ruby wanted the paper to cover a march of "his girls" on a downtown street. Their appearance was to be dedicated to some charity. The editor declined.

The cityside area, where all real news landed, was on the north side of the newsroom. There were rows of reporters' desks—one of which had been mine as "obit" reporter, the beginning job for many new reporters. At the northernmost end were the photo lab and elevators which took us in and out of the building. The first floor lobby had been glamorized with marble floors, area rugs and plush sofas. But the only time I ever really looked at it was a day when all reporters in the women's section gathered for a group photograph. It wasn't real to the reporters; we entered and left by service elevators leading to the ground floor and an open parking lot north of the newspaper.

To me, and I am sure to others, the newsroom was more enticing than any paneled board room or the executive suites upstairs, directly over our heads. We were where it all happened. Everything a Dallasite would learn entered that room; and each of us, in some way, were privy to the first knowledge of news. And, after all, even now, news is what the average citizen awaits each day, whether delivered in person, by newspaper or television. In the 1960s, news originated in the very room we occupied each day.

On the lowest floor were the giant presses. They roared as they rolled. The smell of printer's ink filled the high ceilinged room like an aphrodisiac to even the most hardened reporter.

The presses were quiet when I finished my brief lunch and promptly reported to cityside. Ordinarily my day would be over by 4:30 p.m., but not that day. The assassination changed the order and sequence of writing, editing and press runs. A special "presidential desk" had been created by adding several extra tables with single drawers beneath the top. Abutting the editors' station was the "rim"—a horse shoe shaped wooden table where telephones with headsets were attached, creating a "slot". Since it was a large common desk used by several persons, typewriters and telephones denoted the space where a single rewrite man sat. Additional rewrite men and copy editors were assisting the city editor in preparation for the upcoming deadline.

Everything possible had been done in advance. Jim Lehrer, the Herald's federal reporter, had written a story about meticulous Secret Service protection. It had been typeset. Only the lead paragraph would be changed to read that it hadn't worked (put more gently). Keith Shelton was at the Trade Mart with the choice assignment of covering the President's address in Dallas. His advance copy had been received, the story written and set in type. It, of course, would never be published. Reporters, including Jim Featherston, courthouse reporter, were at assigned places along the motorcade route, though none had been assigned to Dealey Plaza. Bob Jackson, the "Herald's" star photographer, was in a convertible disadvantageously placed eight cars behind the official cars. Tom Dillard, photo chief for the "Morning News", sat in front of Jackson. To have a better view, Jackson sat atop the convertible's back seat. Unfortunately, they could see nothing of the Presidential limousine until it turned at an angle to the convertible.

Veteran police reporter George Carter was at the police station to call in if anything should happen. I can only guess at the pressure George felt following 12:30 p.m. But very soon he had help from Jim Koethe, Ben Stevens, Bob Finley and others.

I sat on the rim directly facing City Editor Smart. Ken, Tom LePere, assistant city editor, and others began the process of taking calls from reporters stationed along the motorcade route from Love Field as it wound through the inner city and into downtown. The calls were referred to us for transcribing as dictated by telephone. My first call came almost immediately after I was seated. Vivian Castleberry, Women's Editor and my supervisor, had an "advance" story (stories written in anticipation of an event which would occur). As she talked, I rolled the dun colored copy paper in the typewriter and began to type: "Dallas rolled out the red carpet today for President John F. Kennedy..." There was actually a red carpet leading to the podium in the Trade Mart.

"Triple Underpass... Shooting....the President"

The hot line buzzed and Dallas Times Herald City Editor Ken Smart listened for scant seconds, then cast the telephone aside. I looked straight into his eyes as he stood. Ashen-faced, he said, "Triple underpass... shooting.. .the President." With those first blurted words, our small world changed My cockiness flew out the window. My God, my fingers were paralyzed. How would I explain that?

I think the horror of being unable to type jolted me back to reality. Immediately, every photographer still in the building ran for the elevators and disappeared. It seemed that all the phones started ringing. I have no idea if I hung up on Vivian or what I said. Telephones rang where I never knew they existed—even in a restroom, I heard. Earlier, I had anticipated a challenging half hour, but it instantly became a journalistic nightmare. I resented the *Dallas Morning News*, which had hours to prepare its Presidential edition.

What I didn't realize at the time was that some of our editions with the massive black headline, **PRESIDENT DEAD**, would be selling on the streets for $10 a copy.

Nothing existed, it seemed, outside the rectangular news section magnetized by the city desk. Other editors appeared from nowhere, and with the appearance of Felix McKnight, the desk assumed a protected status. McKnight, the Editor in Chief, seldom entered the newsroom. He had offices in the executive suite, and subordinate editors went to him. Now, McKnight took charge. We didn't approach the desk; they sent the copy boys to us.

I was moved to a desk among the rows and my spot on the rim assumed by someone else. No one asked questions, we just responded. The telephone bells began to sound like one continuous ring. The first hour was spent coping the best we could. By 1:30, Ken Smart had closed the switchboard to outside calls except from reporters. I believe the outside doors were locked. I do know that no outside publicists strolled in; no strangers approached the city desk. It was an hour more before a few reporters began coming back from their assignments.

Paper—sheets and scraps—was everywhere. Copy boys told us what to slug our stories (a short word such as "shots" followed by a slash mark and our last name). We were told when to rip our paper out of the typewriter, often a paragraph at a time. Then the copy boy would scurry to the editor assembling the story. We could only hope we remembered where we had left off.

That is not the way a news room operates. Reporters reserve enough time for at least one rewrite. Some take three. Most recently, I read an Associated Press interview with Jim Lehrer written after he had been selected as moderator of the Presidential debates. Remembering his news days, Lehrer said working on an afternoon newspsaper was a veritable giant of a task—writing, rewriting, updating stories. "You had to

type 1000 words a minute," he was quoted as saying. Come'on, Jim. I watched him sit and type his novel, "Viva Max" after he had finished his work. The conditions Lehrer describe might have fit on November 22, 1963, but not normally.

When I had a chance to see the first edition tossed on my desk, I saw that the lead story had a paragraph printed twice. I was faintly relieved. Maybe I would be forgiven if I made a small error. It was bound to happen.

I overheard scraps of talk but only recorded them mentally. First, there might be a conspiracy, then Lyndon had a heart attack, then I almost paused when a reporter shouted, "They think Lyndon's in some downtown office building!" What the hell for, I wondered. Then Lyndon was missing. I never heard that he was aboard Air Force One taking the oath of office. But I was working, as hard and fast as I could.

I seemed to be getting some of the biggest calls coming in, while McKnight, Ken and the others had their ears plastered to phone connected with police headquarters and bigwigs the country over. There was no time to wonder why. I knew I wouldn't get any bylines that day. Rewrite men just didn't, because on normal days they take dictation from reporters in the field, edit, and rewrite the story; a joint effort which usually results in the field reporter getting the byline.

Jim LePere asked me to take a call from "Feather" (Jim Featherston, courthouse reporter). I willingly grabbed the headset. I thought—*type fast.* There was relief that Feather sounded breathless and almost as stunned as I had been a few minutes earlier. He had good reason. He explained that he was out of breath after running through the motorcade to retrieve a sack containing a role of film tossed from a convertible by Bob Jackson. As quickly as he had the film in hand, he heard the sound of shots. Seeing a man he knew, he asked "What happened?" He was told there had been shots, and the friend pointed out Mary Moorman and Jean Hill, noting that Moorman had a camera and had been taking photographs. Standing off the curb on Houston Street, Jim had only to run a few yards to reach them.

When I asked Feather how far away he was from the scene, he half shouted: "I was right there." He blustered "You know me, Connie, I'm over the hill in every way. Talk to these two women while I fight everybody off." Jim wasn't over the hill, he just couldn't be in two places at one time. I heard sounds in the background, and although he hadn't said what they were, I knew that others were converging.

Feather told me if I would take the story, he would bring the Polaroid photograph in later. For all either of us knew, the photo taken just as the President was hit in the head by a bullet or bullets, was the only one in existence. And it did take its place in the history made that day.

Later when Jim and I talked several times, he said he had wondered who his rewrite man was that day, and we reminisced. He said LePere just

said "really?" as calm as if nothing had happened when Feather blurted out the story he had. I could the editor's face. Tom was anything but calm.

Picture of Death

I was, as I later discovered, the first reporter to interview Moorman and Hill before they talked to television crews. My first thought as Feather called Moorman to the telephone was, "Find out how many shots they heard." Still, I knew that I had to take the required first steps—find out their names, addresses, where they were standing and what they saw.

Moorman had clearly been affected by the scene. She didn't speak until I asked where she lived. I found out that she was a school teacher and resided not far from me in central Dallas near Northwest Highway. Some small talk reassured her. She loosened up enough to readily say she heard four to six shots. She said her eye had been pressed against the viewfinder, and she hardly knew what she had seen until the film emerged from the camera. Even then she realized she had not seen any blood. She remembered that she sank to the ground or perhaps was pulled down.

Since they were in the same room, I talked first to Moorman, then to Hill, back and forth. Moorman seemed to agree that people were running up the "hill." At least some were, she said. Now the spot is called the "grassy knoll." When I talked to Jean Hill, it became a livelier story. Jean Hill has always been outspoken about her experiences as an assassination witness, with fine and not-so-fine results. She deserves much credit for telling her story as she experienced it. She said that shots were fired by officers toward possible suspects. She and other civilians ran up the hill to assist. Added to all this, there was a fluffy white dog on the seat between the President and the First Lady. Both Jean and I took flack over that over the years, as I included it in the story. (In 1994, I saw footage of Jackie Kennedy accepting a white "petal covered" model of Lambchops. Friend and researcher Barb Junkkarinen has recently seen footage of Jackie in the automobile holding the child's toy, obviously intended for her to give to Caroline or John Jr., cupped in her left hand beneath the roses.) Although I doubted the possibility that a dog was in the Presidential limousine, I wrote the story as Jean gave it.

Both Hill and Moorman agreed that they heard Jackie Kennedy scream: "Oh my God, they've shot Jack." I changed "Jack" to "him" out of respect for the Office of the President. For that I do not apologize, as every other reporter did something similar.

When I felt it was safe, I asked about the number of shots. Hill said she thought "four to six" and Moorman repeated the number.

My story read, in part:

"Both heard a sequence of shots, saw the President slump over toward his wife, heard the piercing scream of Mrs. Kennedy...

'I took the picture at the moment the shot rang out,' Moorman said. She continued, 'President Kennedy slumped over in the car and it shows Jackie leaning towards him... I heard Mrs. Kennedy say, 'My God, he's been shot.' I heard another shot or two ring out and I turned to my friend and we got on the ground."

Both women told me they believed they were directly in the path of bullets."

My story[5] carried the headline written by a copy editor:

Assassination
Candid Snapshot:
Picture of Death

I knew that even for Featherston, a seasoned and experienced newsman, it would take quick, hard work to keep other news people away from Moorman and Hill until I had their story. Suddenly, *I* began to feel the pressure of getting a story from two women in shock who would soon be besieged by other newsmen. But "Feather" won. I finished my interview of Hill and Moorman before they talked to television crews.

I did take one embarrassing liberty when Jean told me shots were fired up the hill. I tried to visualize the scene. If police were firing at a suspect, they had to have cleared the area, or perhaps all present had hit the ground. Surely that was it. So hesitating only an instant, I excitedly wrote that "glancing up, they saw a man run up the hill from them and another (near the motorcade) *pepper* bullets at the running figure." Ugh, how God awful. Bill Sloan took me to task about that statement in his book, *The Last Dissenting Witness* about Jean Hill. He wrote that reporters make mistakes, too. It wasn't actually a mistake, I just got caught up in recreating a scene from Dragnet. Dum de dum dum! I'm glad Jean didn't tell me about the Kool Aid or blood.

Note that Moorman and Hill said they were directly in the line of fire. *Now we know that they were.*

An unfortunate misunderstanding occurred between Jean Hill and Jim Featherston which I must comment upon, out of respect for both Feather and Hill. It is unfortunate that reporters and "subjects" seldom have second meetings when they can relax and talk about their experience together. But that is the way a daily newspaper is. At midnight the day is over, and yesterday's news is "old"; the reporter is propelled into the next day's news. Feather's intense emotions showed, I am sure, and Jean felt as if they were being detained against their will. Hence, Jim Featherson, landed in the 26 Volumes without wanting to, or

being given the chance to tell his side of the story. (Volume VI, pages 215, 220, 222)

That story—about seven inches of it—also was published in the running front page account on page 2. I notice Felix McKnight didn't pepper the story. Thanks, Felix.

Naturally I wanted to know exactly what had happened to the President, but I literally did not have time to look up at anyone passing slower than at a run, until close to two o'clock. When the chance came, I asked a passing reporter, his head down, "Is he dead?" Whoever it was just nodded. I *knew*, but hadn't *heard.*

On the Phone with Clark and Perry

At about 3:30 p.m. one of the editors asked if I wanted to "talk to the doctors". No, no, no! I'm no Barb Junkkarinen—a great JFK researcher who specializes in the medical evidence. Actually, I didn't want to talk to the good doctors. I was not a medical reporter and might have had a struggle with complicated terminology. I shouldn't have worried. It was the easiest story I took. Doctors Malcolm Perry and Kemp Clark had taken part in the resuscitation attempt and medical treatment given the President. Although Malcolm Kilduff, Press Secretary to the President, had announced the President's death, Parkland Hospital officials could not be sure the local press had been present and, therefore, allowed the "Herald" and the "News" (I assumed) to interview Perry and Clark by telephone.

Both doctors seemed recovered from the stressful hours, and Perry made more statements than Clark, although the few questions I asked were answered without hesitation or qualification. The only speculative matter was the time of death and finally Dr. Clark said, "We put it at 1300". Later, I realized the importance of the Last Rites of the Catholic Church. The rites were administered, and death was placed after that moment.

They agreed no decision had been made whether there were one or two wounds. Next, Dr. Perry said that the neck wound below the "Adam's apple" (the largest cartilage in the larynx) was an entrance wound.

I was embarrassed I hadn't said "larynx," but now feel better because that would not have been right either. It was the laryngeal prominence. Perry must have decided we were all idiots, because he repeated "Adams Apple" in other press conferences. My story was published as follows[6]:

To President
Neck Wounds
Bring Death

Wounds in the lower front portion of the neck and the right rear side of the head ended the life of President John F. Kennedy, say doctors at Parkland Hospital.

Whether there were one or two wounds was not decided.

The front neck hole was described as an entrance wound. The wound at the back of the head, while the principal one, was either an exit or tangential entrance wound. A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound.

Kemp Clark, 38, chief of neurosurgery, and Dr. Malcolm Perry, 34, described the President's wounds. Dr. Clark, asked how long the President lived in the hospital, replied, "I would guess 40 minutes but I was too busy to look at my watch.

Dr. Clark said the President's principal wound was on the right rear side of his head.

"As to the exact time of death we elected to make it - we pronounced it at 1300. I was busy with the head wound."

Dr. Perry was busy with the wound in the President's neck.

"It was a midline in the lower portion of his neck in front."

Asked if it was just below the Adam's apple, he said, "Yes. Below the Adam's apple."

"There were two wounds. Whether they were directly related I do not know. It was an entrance wound in the neck."

The doctors were asked whether one bullet could have made both wounds or whether there were two bullets.

Dr. Clark replied, "The head wound could have been either an exit or a tangential entrance wound."

The neurosurgeon described the back of the head wound as:

"A large gaping wound with considerable loss of tissue."

Dr. Perry added, "It is conceivable it was one wound, but there was no way for me to tell. It did however appear to be the entrance wound at the front of the throat."

"There was considerable bleeding. The services of the blood bank were sent for and obtained. Blood was used."

The last rites were performed in "Emergency Operating Room No. 1."

There were at least eight or 10 physicians in attendance at the time the President succumbed. Dr. Clark said there was no possibility of saving the President's life.

The press pool man said that when he saw Mrs. Kennedy she still had on her pink suit and that the hose of her left leg was saturated with blood. In the emergency room, Mrs. Kennedy, Vice President Johnson and Mrs. Johnson grasped hands in deep emotion."

Note that Dr. Perry said that he was "busy with the neck wound". When I asked directly whether one bullet could have made both wounds,

Dr. Clark answered, "The head wound could have been either an exit or tangential entrance wound." Dr. Perry added, "It is conceivable it was one wound, but there was no way for me to tell. It did, however, appear to be the entrance wound at the front of the throat." The physicians told me there were "at least eight or 10 physicians in attendance at the time the President succumbed."

After writing the article with statements supplied by Drs. Perry and Clark, I went on to other tasks, such as talking to callers about canceled events, and scanning wire stories for references to local events. I heard scattered conversations—"They caught the guy who did it..." "Everybody's over at the police station..."

There was a comic opera touch added by the story of a busload of bewildered Washington correspondents who unloaded at the Trade Mart. They knew that something untoward had happened, but not what. "Herald" gossip was that the Washington group ran around asking each other what had happened.

I, like others, was so busy with messages and writing additions and updates to other stories that the editors correctly assumed we could not obtain evening food. An industrial sized cart arrived piled high with sandwiches and hot coffee. We ate between calls. When the tempo slowed somewhat, I was sent out to the streets to do a mood story on the city.

Dripping Red Letters

Copy boys regularly delivered new editions to the corners of our desks, the only spot where papers were not spread out. We checked one source against another as we wrote. There was no time to actually read the new editions. We only had time to glance at the folded top half of the front page and then return to the ringing telephones. I saw the large two line headline—"PRESIDENT DEAD, CONNALLY SHOT" with numbed emotion.

We went through the lobbies of the grand hotels—the Baker and the Adolphus. We entered cafe after cafe, stopped pedestrians on the street, and talked to counter men. A cold wind whipped around my stockinged ankles, pages of newspapers flew into the air and landed on sidewalks and streets. Still fired by adrenaline, my energy did not match the mood of interviewees. Their moods were glum or despondent.

I was struck by the wail of sirens when there was so little traffic in downtown Dallas that night. Mirroring the wail of the sirens, Dallas cringed, and cried in shame.

The photographer and I walked until we had sampled downtown, then turned down Commerce Street toward the bars. Unlike today, we had no fear of the seedier section, and unabashedly gawked at the posters advertising the girlie shows. Several of the clubs were open. We stopped in front of a dark, drab club, its lights out, and stared at the poster board taped to the window. In large red poster paint were the letters

"C-L-O-S-E-D." The poster paint was still fresh. Apparently the sign had been taped to the door before it dried. The red letters dripped, another reflection of what had taken place on Elm Street in Dealey Plaza.

The feeling was unforgettable. I remember it as yesterday. I honestly cannot describe it more adequately that what I wrote less than an hour later. I acknowledge that the style is "flowery" and embellished with adjectives, unlike most of today's news. In those days, we still enjoyed words, similar to sampling the newest blend offered in today's coffee houses, smelling it, sipping it and rolling it around our tongues to reach each taste bud.

My story,[7] not bylined, as few were that day, was written and printed as follows:

City in Shock

Friday Night,
No Stars Shone

There was no rain in Dallas Friday night. Neither were there stars...inexplicably there were occasional streaks of lightning.

The wind was merciless...

It blew tattered newspapers, wadded up scraps of paper and some coin dots of confetti in a whirlpool motion across the nearly deserted intersections.

It was cold. But was the November night cold enough to cause pedestrians to hunch their shoulders and stand over the gratings in the sidewalk to feel the updraft of warm air?

Almost without exception, the few who walked the streets of downtown Dallas carried a newspaper under their arms. They walked slowly, the movement of their bodies showing emotion when their faces did not.

Clothed in a neat business suit, a man turned to his companion and said, "You are now standing within six blocks of history."

More sirens than usual broke the silence. Most of the other noises were made by newspaper vendors shouting, "President assassinated."

Business in the restaurants was poor. And it started early in the day.

"My boss called me down early. He went home," said a man behind the cash register at a Main Street restaurant. "He said they were ordering food and then wouldn't eat it."

"Now," he added, "they just aren't coming in."

'They are scared," said a cafe owner, of his few customers. The patrons regarded each other silently, looking up quickly each time the door opened. "And I'm scared too," he added.

Liquor stores weren't getting much business in the downtown area. "Everybody who comes in is so sad, and all they talk is this terrible thing," commented a counter man.

Private apartment clubs were closed for the most part, with many of the downtown bars closed or preparing to close by 8 p.m. There was no entertainment in Dallas hotels. Most patrons stared silently at overhead television sets.

Walking up to the burlesque house where she was employed as a waitress, a girl in white slacks looked at the red lettered sign, saying, "Closed" with astonishment.

"I didn't think he would close for anything," she said, then turned away.

It is possible to stun a city.

The photographer caught a photograph of one man, his big hand gripping a "Herald" paper. Parts of the headline, "President Dead" were visible. A photographic cliché perhaps, but that is the way it was.

Not caring where we were, or realizing that we stood in front of Jack Ruby's Carousel Club, the photographer finished his work. I talked to the girl in white as he photographed the poster. We returned to the paper where I wrote my story and afterward, was told I could leave.

It all took place in another world...another period in time. We parked in an open lot behind the "Herald" at Pacific and Field Streets. Dallas murder one statistics were at an all time high, causing police and press to give the problem considerable page space. Yet it was safe to walk the downtown streets at night. Nothing was likely to happen to you, unless you were drunk, a drug dealer, some one crossways with the police, or the President of the United States.

Without fear, I walked to my car, unlocked it and drove home.

3

Cover-Up Hits Home

Close to 9:30 p.m., I returned to my home and eagerly opened the only edition I brought home. I had my first chance to read the Herald. First, I skimmed the running story written by McKnight and next did what every reporter does—looked for the stories I had written.

I read the Moorman and Hill story, worried about the "fluffy dog" insert, then I was drawn to the television screen to watch Jackie return to Washington a widow. Late that night, the local news was about Lee Harvey Oswald, a captured Communist, who had shot the President, and J.D. Tippit, a Dallas Police Officer. Tippit, a less-than-stellar policeman, was suddenly elevated to sainthood by the department. I heard reports that some school children in Richardson, a bedroom community, had cheered news that the President had been shot.

My mind jumped back a day. It seemed impossible, but Thursday I had lunched with an interior designer and her friends at a private Richardson country club. Talk centered around John F. Kennedy, and became vicious. I remembered that my mental flash had been "He'll never get our of here alive."

My day at the Herald had dealt me one disadvantage. I had not seen the news in sequence and had the opportunity to scrutinize the events as I would like. I knew that fact and fiction were mixed, even if only because the stories were so new. Everything I heard had a surrealistic quality. I found myself ingesting everything as if with my mouth open. I heard it, tasted it, but was but yet ready to swallow it.

Saturday was a new day...and began a new world for me. I finally saw my story on the wounds and instantly found the sentence which didn't fit the story. In fact, it contradicted the story Drs. Kemp Clark and Perry gave to me. I subscribed to the "Morning News" and received the Herald at my desk. Checking the Saturday *Dallas Morning News*, I didn't find any story that was a direct quote from the doctors, which may have meant that I had an exclusive story—with one horrible error. I looked at the sentence, not written by me, inserted in the third paragraph. It jumped out at me: "A doctor admitted that it was possible there was only one wound."

Had my story been crudely corrected by any of the editors I knew? If so, why was the remainder of the story just as I had written it? Also,

responsible journalists always attribute remarks to sources, which I had done. The sentence completely lacked attribution. Knowing how it felt to have my "heart in my mouth" or throat at least, I jumped up and phoned the city desk, still set up and working. While I am not now sure who I talked to, it was an editor I knew. I asked where the sentence had come from. He was matter-of-fact. "The FBI," he said.

I can say with conviction that we did not joke and play around with our stories. If a reporter made an error, he or she heard about it. If an editor made a change in your story, he told us why. That is the way it was at the *Dallas Times Herald* in 1963. Another fact caused me not to doubt the answer to my question. The addition simply was not a sentence a reporter would write. What physician? Just someone wandering by? And had the FBI been at the newspaper so soon?

Since then I have confirmed that agents were at the Herald on Saturday. One of their tasks was to interview Bob Jackson, who had told police he had seen a rifle barrel in the sixth floor window.[8]

Now I believe the story insertion began the public medical cover-up in Dallas. A shot from the front would not be allowed. My innocence was summarily executed.

The children and I went to church school Sunday and then home. Like most children who had been cooped up in a church where they had to be "good", they were hungry, and making life unbearable until I pulled the Sunday pot roast out of the oven. I missed the newscast that mesmerized millions as Ruby shot Oswald before their eyes, but quickly saw a replay. I heard the words that held all America spellbound—"He's shot. Oswald's been shot." Like most Americans, I watched, trapped in time. Oswald, dressed in a dark sweater was lead from the jail door. Then the camera angle changed. The view I saw that day was not the newsreel commonly shown today—a view from the front of the line. It was a newsreel from Dallas, perhaps KRLD, which I commonly watched, and it was played and replayed. Where it originated is speculation. It is not speculation to say that I saw Oswald's face from the crowd side. I have seen the view only once in recent years, and the newsreel was so grainy that I would not expect others to notice what I saw in 1963. I watched as Oswald shot a single glance of recognition at Jack Ruby just for an instant, almost smiled, then faced forward again just as Ruby lunged forward and fired his revolver. Now most concede that Oswald did recognize Jack Ruby in that instant before he was shot.

I *know* FBI agents were at the Herald on Sunday. The desk called me at home before 1:30 p.m. When the telephone rang that Sunday, I knew who would be calling. "Connie, do you remember where you were last night?" an editor asked. Were we at Jack Ruby's club? The FBI wanted to know. This time the editor's hasty demand left no doubt about the fed's impatient presence. I said that I thought so, but wasn't sure. I admitted I hadn't noted the street address and suggested they ask the photographer. The

conversation was quickly over. I heard no more, principally because the photographer gave the wrong address and the focus left us.

Full of a reporter's curiosity, I left the dishes and, with the children piled in the car, headed downtown. I parked for a few minutes under the Carousel sign, recognizing it from the night before. It was coincidence...just a fluke...but why had the path of a meandering newshound led directly to the door of the man who would forever cast shadows over the case of the assassination of President Kennedy?

I thought about the look on Oswald's face. In those moments, I surmised that Jack Ruby was the man Oswald had expected to rescue him.

I probably parked in front of the club no more than two or three minutes, because that is about as long as three young children could bear unoccupied time. It was long enough for a belief to solidify. Then, as now, I believed that Oswald and Ruby were connected in some way; that Oswald's glance was plain and inescapable. Also clear to me was that Oswald did not believe this trusted acquaintance would turn on him. Otherwise, he would surely have flinched or otherwise attempted to withdraw. Instead he took one more half step toward death.

That vividly displayed fact would not leave my mind. Why was my story changed? Why was Oswald left open to an assassin, as surely as if the handcuffs had been removed and in a whisper, he had been told to run. Like in the movies. But most movies make the scenes seem more believable.

Citizens of this country were not going to be told the truth about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Now the Kennedy cover-up is so commonly conceded that few readers may understand how, after having personally suffered it, your life could be changed. I complained enough at work that I became was subjected to ridicule. Especially from Jim Lehrer. When someone offered me a copy of the Warren Report to read, bearing a big grin, I just waved it away.

Eventually, I clammed up, except to always say I didn't believe the Warren Commission. I had good company in that statement. Lyndon Johnson said it, too.

When I met Madeleine Brown, another Dallasite who had been robbed of the truth, I quickly felt strong rapport. We are telling what we know. We were there. We didn't hear about the death of the President. We lived it.

And now, no one can stop us.

4

WHO IS?

The Incredible Madeleine Brown

While visiting Dallas, Texas in 1994, acquaintances said "You've got to meet Madeleine Brown." I wasn't sure why exactly. Would she want to meet me? Years before, while still a Dallas reporter, I had heard that Lyndon was said to have a mistress in the Dallas area.

I had a pre-conceived notion that she was a red haired temptress with whom the late president had possibly kept company when he was in the Lone Star State. The controversy over whether Madeleine Brown was actually Lyndon's mistress was a mystery to me. Now few people doubt that her status, except some on the Internet. She remains a controversial figure because she doesn't mince words. If she has an opinion, she states it and stands by her experiences and beliefs. If she doesn't have an answer, she says so.

"Why do they attack me?" Madeleine once asked.

The answer is not simply that Madeleine is an easy mark for cranks since she has lived in the same house in Dallas for over twenty five years, and even has had the same telephone number. She gives frank opinions when asked about LBJ and Kennedy. Not all of her views are what others want to hear. To admit that they believe she was intimately involved with the late President evokes volatile issues involving the entire country. But I have never heard her tell it any way other than truthfully. Any book remotely related to the assassination of JFK most likely has her name in the index.

Today, I count Madeleine Brown as one of my most valued friends.

My first meeting with Madeleine was a delight. I called her as the acquaintances suggested, and heard a beautiful cultured, perfectly modulated voice. My nasal twang (part Missouri-part deviated septum) was no match. She invited me and two mutual acquaintances to lunch

at the Top of the Cliff Club in Oak Cliff, across the Trinity River from downtown Dallas.

I was early, and waited on a sofa in the well appointed club. Some ten minutes lapsed before Madeleine burst from the elevator with a cheerful smile, her deep brown eyes gleaming in an ivory skinned complexion complemented by dark auburn hair. Wearing three inch heels, her slender five foot six inch frame appeared even taller. She wore conservative but stylish attire. I could see traces of deep scars on her face, and later learned that she was gravely injured in a car crash in 1967. She underwent extensive plastic surgery, but now that she has reached seventy years old, some scarring is evident. In stature, voice, bearing and intellect, Madeleine Brown is a young woman.

Lunch was full of laughs and banter. Madeleine played the perfect hostess, letting the only male present, a vociferous, wise-cracking show-off, hold center stage. Some conversation centered around attempts by Madeleine's friend, Peggy Davidson, to find a publisher for the manuscript, *Texas in the Morning*. All of Peggy's efforts had been fruitless. After some minutes the table next to ours filled. Madeleine said, in a hushed tone, "Look, that's Judge Joe Brown." After that she kept her conversation general in nature. As we rose to leave, she introduced us to Judge Joe B. Brown, Jr. The son of the late judge reportedly released the Tippet autopsy and other assassination records to the public. He treated Madeleine with formal respect, but in a half-squat (less than a half-rise) hardly acknowledged the rest of us.

Judge Joe B. Brown, Sr. assisted attorney the late Melvin Belli in making mockery of the murder trial of Jack Ruby, who *wanted* to tell the nation why he had been forced to kill and who was behind it. Jim Featherston covered that trial. The honest journalist refused to waste space on theatrics, and wrote little because as he did, "nothing happened." In fact, Feather was more than a little irritated when City Editor Ken Smart sent another reporter to the court house to be sure he was not slacking off.

But as was shown by Madeleine's hushed voice and Judge Brown's arms length greeting, things haven't changed that much in Dallas, Texas. The insiders still do what they want to, and the incredible Madeleine Brown is still giving them hell!

What most people don't know, but would discover if they inquired, is that Madeleine Brown never wanted her story to be a public affair. After Steven's birth, the late President had made it clear that he would never acknowledge the boy, although he made regular monetary contributions to them through Dallas attorney Jerome Ragsdale. When Madeleine suffered a severe heart attack, she summoned the courage to tell Steven who his father was. He had only known that he was illegitimate and his father had been married. At that time Steven was in his thirties, a handsome man with a promising future.

"Steven got as mad as Lyndon did when I said something he didn't like. It was awhile before he calmed down. Like father, like son," Madeleine said later. She explained the circumstances of the lawsuit in the Foreword to *Dallas Did It!*

As told in the Foreword, the better I knew Madeleine, the more interesting I found her to be. The manuscript provided me the first glimpse of her history.

As a native Dallasite, she is a primary root firmly ensconced in the Oak Cliff area. Across the Trinity River from downtown, Oak Cliff always had a separate identity from "Big D", with its own power base. Madeleine Brown was born into it, and is a respected member of its old guard. Consequently, not much goes on in Dallas that she doesn't hear about.

I began to read her story during that visit at the Hotel Adolphus, when I had a few minutes to spare, and carried it with me to the spacious hotel lobby.

Following a poignant letter to Steven, the scene opened when Madeleine, a 23-year-old advertising executive already promoted to "media buyer," entered the same lobby (but by the carriage door). She wrote, "As the concierge politely opened the large ornate doors, I felt my stomach flutter with what seemed like a zillion butterflies." After checking the spaghetti straps of her black evening gown, she walked into the glittering party in the Crystal ballroom honoring newly-elected United States Senator Lyndon Johnson. Madeleine wrote that she was awestruck by the by the decor—Flemish tapestries, a imposing Louis XV clock and dramatic baroque architectural details.

The written setting gripped me. Looking around, I felt I could see it through that young woman's eyes—a scene resurrected from the past. Even on the day I mention, women dressed in especially feminine dresses sipped from dainty porcelain cups set beside ornate silver tea services, speaking quietly while listening to a pianist playing Chopin on the grand piano. Impressive to me; awesome to young Madeleine Brown.

Earlier in the day, Madeleine had received a telephone call from Jesse Kellam, manager of the Johnson-owned Austin, Texas radio station KTBC. Kellam asked her if she would like to come to a party at the Adolphus that KTBC was "throwing" for LBJ. Johnson had defeated Coke Stevenson for a seat in the United States Senate.

The defeat was hardly touched by a scandal called the Ballot Box 13 scandal, which revealed irregular voting, a lost ballot box and a narrow win by 87 votes out of 900,000 cast. Johnson's friends seemed not to care how he won, just so he won.

Naturally, Madeleine accepted. Kellam told her lightheartedly, "don't forget your dancing shoes." He was later to become one of two men closest to Madeleine during her affair with Lyndon, which lasted over twenty years.

The other instrumental man in her life was Ragsdale, who must have owed the Senator important favors. He was the middle man who received money, which he in turn passed on to Madeleine for her and Steven's care. LBJ's name was never written anywhere, except in a 1973 letter Ragsdale wrote to Madeleine (featured in a 1987 article in "People" magazine and authenticated by handwriting experts).

Lyndon Baines Johnson had recently died, which the photographed letter from Ragsdale states. Quoted in part, the letter reads, "As we discussed in Houston, you have my personal assurance that I will continue with the financial arrangements that Lyndon provided for you and Steven throughout the past." Ragsdale also wrote that he would continue making weekly "home visits" to verify her and Steven's welfare. In those years Ragsdale was a necessary fixture in Madeleine's life. Late in his life, when he was gravely ill, he summoned her and told her that he was writing his Will; that she and Steven would receive all the documents they might require to maintain their status after he died. He then handed her a key to a safe deposit box engraved with a number.

Within a matter of weeks, Ragsdale died. Madeleine explains, "I never liked him much, but he had always been honest with me. So I naively waited until he died to go to the box and collect my papers. I was sure his Will would be there. But the box was gone...I mean, ripped out of the concrete by its bolts. There had not been even any attempt to cover up the damage. I was shocked at the way it had been done. Payments to me, and, more importantly, those to Steven ceased. I located the woman who had typed his Will, and found that he had left me over two million dollars. Since I knew the buildings and other things of value that Ragsdale had left me where purchases made by Lyndon, I went to court over the matter. After his wife contested the Will and the lawyers took their massive fees, we received a far lesser amount."

The night she first met and danced with Lyndon had a magical quality with no hint of trouble. After joining Kellam's party, Madeleine took in the sights until riveted by he sight of Lyndon Johnson striding to their table. Madeleine says that the first characteristic she first notices in a man is his physique. Johnson filled the bill. Tanned and slim, he wore a white dinner jacket with a red carnation in his lapel, black pants, vest, bow tie and boots. "He was an enormous man with enormous presence," she says. Lady Bird was there, described by Madeleine as a "petite, almost shy lady."

Johnson—obviously previously cued about Madeleine—chatted, then asked her to attend a forthcoming victory party at Austin, Texas. As she began to speak, the band struck up Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." Partygoers moved to dance floor and hummed or sang the words to the familiar tune as they danced. Lyndon took Madeleine's hand and led her to the dance floor. She insists she protested. "I had a

very disciplined, religious upbringing, and hadn't danced that much. But the way he led, spinning me away and then back...it was wonderful." Before leaving Madeleine, Lyndon leaned toward her ear and said "Anything goes...I'll see you in Austin."

Arriving at her office, Glenn Advertising, Monday morning, Madeleine found two dozen red roses waiting. The card was signed "To New Beginnings." Attached was the invitation to the KTBC party Lyndon had mentioned. Mr. Wilcox, her "advertising boss", studied the invitation Madeleine handed him with a nervous request that she be allowed to go. That was not unusual in businesses where social events and business were hardly separable. "He said yes," Madeleine says, "just giving me two rules. One was not to have more than two drinks in one evening, and the second was, *don't ever* fool around with any clients. He said if someone forced more than a second drink on me, to pour it into a potted plant."

She flew to Austin via Trans-Texas Airlines. "We all called it Tree Top Airlines. Stories went around that the passengers could count the ticks on the backs of prized red and white Santa Gertrudis cattle," she says with a laugh. A KTBC Red Rover mobile news unit welcomed her, and whisked her to Austin's Driskill Hotel. There again she was overwhelmed by the setting, one she remembers as subdued elegance compared to the over-stated opulence of the Adolphus. Dressed in a long white silk dress Madeleine had instinctively selected an outfit which perfectly fit the soft luxury of the hotel's Maximillian room. Other party goers—many of the wealthiest people in the country—were dressed in tuxedos, many of the women in designer gowns. They danced to a background of music and popping of corks from champagne bottles. Madeleine recognized many of the most wealthy because in her business, keeping up with society was part of the job.

"Madeleine Brown? May I have the honor?" Lyndon said by way of renewed introduction. Their dancing was seductive, their whispering that of budding lovers, mixed with Madeleine's polite inquires about his early life and new success. Then Madeleine made the first mistake in her relationship with LBJ. Sitting with Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson (two of the wealthiest men in Texas, as well as the country) were two others. It took Madeleine only took a second glance to recognize one. "Isn't that J. Edgar Hoover sitting over there?" she asked with interest. "Lyndon obviously didn't expect me to be politically knowledgeable. He frowned and said, 'Little girls shouldn't have such big eyes and ears.' I was too innocent to realize then how my political involvement would be both an attraction for Lyndon as well as a threat," she says. "I shut up that night. And it wasn't hard. That was the first night we made love."

"After hours of passion, we lay on his bed and talked. He promised me that nothing would keep us apart. That he would always be there when I need him and said that he always kept his promises. Although the words were what I wanted to hear, I knew more about relationships

than he thought. I said something like, 'We'll see.' When I tried to make our situation clearer, he stopped me and said something I would hear many times—"Today is today and tomorrow is tomorrow."

LBJ was obviously as attracted to the beautiful young woman as she was to him, because he asked few questions about her background. The pleasure he received from their sex life, mutual interests in target shooting and long walks in early Texas evenings were enough. They also shared a deep love of the Lone Star State. "I told you how he opened the windows and said, more than once, 'God damn, I love Texas in the morning.'"

In reflection, Madeleine knew Lyndon had other sexual affairs and even once impregnated a secretary. "It was heartbreaking. He made a young man marry her. That didn't surprise me! In 1962 I was forced to marry C. G. West. [She met West, who shared her enjoyment of shooting as a sport, at the Dallas Gun Club.] It was a paper marriage. We were seen at political gatherings and such but that was all. Before long, I was tired of the sham and got legally divorced."

Madeleine notes today that while her relationship with LBJ lasted 21 years, the time they spent together equalled approximately one month.

Whatever was foremost in Johnson's fascination for Madeleine Brown, and no doubt the sexual liaison with a beautiful Texas woman was high on his list, he took as his mistress for over twenty years a woman with her own ties with politics, oil and real estate money, and an extraordinary life apart from him.

At first, he either didn't notice or was disinterested in the last name of Brown amidst two well respected Texas families–the Duncans and the Lees.

Madeleine was born on the fifth of July. "George [she always called her father by his given name] said I was a belated firecracker. My family were all staunch Catholics." George Duncan, of direct Scottish descent, was a utility company executive also engaged in real estate. Real estate, as it existed in the early 1920s, was exciting as Dallas developed into the domain of famous oil barons. Madeleine's uncle, Johnny Bowen, was a business associate and friend of Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison, Sr. Clint and his two sons were featured on covers of "Time Magazine."

Madeleine seems undaunted by fate that intervened when her parents, both diabetic, married and produced four children, three girls and a boy—all afflicted with the disease. "They didn't know much about *the* diabetes then," she explains, knowing it too well. She copes with the disease on a daily basis, both for herself and her comatose sister. "It chips away at you," Madeleine says stoically, having suffered three heart attacks or episodes critical enough to require her own hospitalization. Her older sister Neta is bedfast at Madeleine's home for more than 20 years.

Madeleine's mother was blinded for years before her death, her beloved father George lay in a coma produced by strokes for almost five years before he died, and her brother died of a heart attack determined to be related to his diabetes. Another sister died of unrelated causes, and now only Madeleine and Neta remain. Fortunately, her grandsons, Christopher and Jeffrey remain nearby.

Her early childhood was serene and filled with the great affection of two extended families. Her mother was the daughter of Joe G. Lee, a direct descendent of Robert E. Lee. The Lees resided near what was then a thriving community called Josephine in north central Texas. The Duncans were from Denton, Texas, and Sulphur Springs, Texas. George and Mary Duncan lived in Dallas after they married. She remembers visiting one or the other side of her families on weekends at their ranches. "They were self-contained in those days. They didn't go outside for food or services. It was all right there at home."

Madeleine's childhood experiences were uniquely enriching. She was the youngest grandchild by fourteen years, and thusly learned to throw horse shoes and shoot pistols, rifles and shotguns. In adult years, she held a pilot's license, as did George. At other times on those visits, she spent time with an uncle whose children introduced her to play with African American children living nearby. There she learned to play marbles, fly kites, make mud pies and occasionally go skinny dipping in a farm pond. While a privileged child, she learned to seek the good in every individual.

Her grandmother's were "strong-principled women with high ideals." George, with a touch of practicality, told Madeleine, "Cast your bread on the water and get back a great sandwich." Although Madeleine, a auburn haired charmer, was undoubtedly a father's girl, she felt no lack of love from her mother. She remembers her maternal grandmother, who lived with the Duncans for a time, as being petite, dainty—"the sweetest little thing," Madeleine says. "She crocheted darling stockings for me and the little hats with tassels that we wore in those days."

The Lee's, Laura and Joe, lived in Sam Rayburn's Congressional district, and he visited them regularly, both as his constituents, and because one of his heroes was Confederate General Robert E. Lee. Madeleine's book contained her grandmother's recipe for "Sam Rayburn's fried chicken" frequently served when he visited. Thusly, Madeleine was born into politics.

When she was ten, George put young Madeleine on his shoulders to see President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and at that early age she noticed a tall, dark handsome Texas youth leading of group named the National Youth Assocation, a patriotic service group which helped young people stay in school and find jobs. Asked who he was, George replied, "Lyndon Johnson, he's a fine young man, and it's a fine organization."

The young girl was "taken with" the good looks of a young Lyndon Johnson. It must have been a sign.

Her teenage years were sparked by unusual opportunities which later proved valuable. In high school, she served as administrator of the school bank, where any student could open an account with so much as a dime. Well known banker Fred Florence, President of Dallas' Republic National Bank and a member of the White Russian community, spoke to her and took note of her abilities. After graduation, he quickly gave Madeleine a bank job, and soon promoted her to "teller." While Madeleine was still very young, Florence told her of an opening in Glenn Advertising, a leading Dallas firm. "It would be wrong to hold you back," he said.

Not that her teenage years lacked the antics of any pretty, spirited teenager of the period. She dated, flirted and fell in love with James Glynn Brown, first a sofa fountain "jerk" as they were called those days. Later he was a Marine.

"The day I knew that Glynn was going to 'ask for my hand', he came to the dining table where George, my mother and I were sitting. Since I knew something was going to happen, I had allowed three girl friends to hide under the table. They giggled when Glynn said he wanted to marry me. George didn't say anything. My mother burst out, 'I don't know why you'd want to marry her, she's dated half the boys in Oak Cliff.'" George was dead set against the union. Madeleine recalls that the church was packed for her formal wedding. "Most were family and friends who wanted to see if George would carry out his threat to shoot any clergyman who would marry his daughter to Glynn Brown.

Of course, he didn't," Madeleine says. The union gave her a son, Jimmy, as a plus, but many woes after Glynn went overseas in World War II and served in the Pacific Theatre. He returned an emotionally disturbed person who locked Madeleine in a closet, beat and sexually abused her. They separated and Glynn was hospitalized with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. Madeleine and son Jimmy returned to live with her parents. She divorced Brown after four years despite the stigma assigned divorce in the Catholic Church.

Like most single mothers, Madeleine worked. Despite the monetary help from LBJ, Madeleine never ended her career in advertising until the automobile accident which resulted an extensive recovery period. Last year Madeleine suffered cancer, and with only assistance from friends, weathered extensive radiation treatments. Diabetes is a constant threat, conflicting with some required heart medications.

Madeleine Brown's spirit remains high. She remembers the years when she was courted by Lyndon as a delightful adventure filled with secret meetings at Austin, Houston and San Antonio, always arranged by radio station manager Jesse Kellam. "There were wonderful parties, and naturally sex. We were young and wild. Lyndon was eighteen years older

than me, but he thought of himself as young." The lovers were seldom together in public, except on the dance floor, when Lyndon would slip her a room key, and she would wait in his lavish suites until he had paid his political dues and joined her for the night. He gave her expensive gifts, a mink coat and an automobile, but she knew the greatest gift—marriage—was beyond her reach. The auto became a personal problem between Madeleine and her father. "I don't think he believed my story that it belonged to the advertising agency," she admits.

When she discovered her pregnancy by Lyndon in 1950 it was a toss-up who she feared confessing to most, her father or Lyndon. George had to be the first told. It was a tearful confession. "I was never tempted by abortion," Madeleine says. "Partly because my religion is so important to me, but also because I knew I had a loving family. George and mother had long conversations, and they met with the parish priest before telling me anything. I was still working." She was only twenty-three, and unmarried pregnant women may as well have borne scarlet As on their foreheads in those days. "Especially in the Bible Belt," Madeleine adds.

"George finally gave me the rules. I could stay at home, but had to get a leave of absence from my office, not leave the house, even to go to church. Eventually he would take me sometimes when he gave out food to homeless people living in big cardboard furniture cartons by the Trinity River. Other times I stayed in my room, sick at heart and body."

The time to tell Lyndon came quickly, sooner than Madeleine wanted. She had no choice and repeated the complication in their arrangement. "He flew into one of his famous rages, and called me a 'dumb Dora.' Finally, he calmed down."

Life at home with her parents became difficult. "My quiet, loving home had become a battlefront of tears and hysteria. One day there was a knock at the door. A tall man dressed in a dark suit, lizard boots and a Stetson stood on the front porch. He said, 'Let me introduce myself. Jerome T. Ragsdale. I'm the attorney who has been retained to handle your daughter's legal matters regarding her pregnancy. ' He smiled and asked if he could come in." Once inside Ragsdale set forth the terms which had been established. Madeleine would receive $200 cash per week to be increased to $500 after giving birth. Charge cards were opened in the joint names of Ragsdale and Brown. She would receive a new six room house and a live-in maid; bills were to be presented to Ragsdale for payment. "When he left, he said that he would come by weekly to see that my needs were taken care of. After Steven was born, I didn't see Lyndon for several months. Lyndon sent word that he wouldn't take part in naming Steven, and yet on his first birthday Jesse called me and said to take Steven to a television station at 2 p.m. He would have his birthday party there. Cake and everything was provided. The announcer laughed as Steven nursed his baby bottle, and said 'Here's a

guest who brings his own bottle.' Later I heard that Lyndon asked for a copy of the newscast tape."

During Steven's childhood, Lyndon saw Steven several times at political functions and, Madeleine says "he would often do something like pat him on the head and call him 'son'. He once told Steven that he'd be in the White House some day, " she remembers.

"I knew that Lyndon would never leave his family. I did hope he would acknowledge Steven. But he never did," she reports with frankness.

Madeleine Brown's devotion to Lyndon Johnson never waned. "Once I asked him on the phone, that with me in Dallas and Lady Bird traveling so much I worried that he might want to be with someone else. He just said, 'Don't give me any of that bull shit!' and that ended my questions. In fact, I sometimes got little notes from 'Jess' thanking me for being a 'good girl.' That meant that I kept everything quiet."

Events in Lyndon's late life—good and bad—kept him from seeing Madeleine frequently. She last saw him in August of 1989, Madeleine says. "Jesse called and said that Lyndon's heart condition was becoming severe and he wanted to see me. I sensed that it would probably be the last time. I waited for him at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston. When he knocked on the door I opened it to find a crumpled, overweight haggard-looking Lyndon. We sat on the sofa and held hands. He told me that chest pains hit him every afternoon. 'A bunch of jolts that scare the shit our of me,' he said. We talked until we laughed and cried, but we didn't even try to make love," Madeleine said.

"He said he loved me," she reflected, "then he said that he wished things were different, that we were made for each other, that we were ambitious and wild. Then he said 'But today is today is today...' and I ended it for him. "And tomorrow is tomorrow. But I knew there were no more tomorrows for us."

From her patio, surrounded by flowers, Madeleine told me about a cardinal which she has patiently coaxed to sit above her in a fuchsia plant, and a frog which lives in her bushes and when she is alone, will come close to her when she coaxes him in a low tone. Madeleine Brown has wisely fashioned her own comfort zone where she is content.

Just as quietly, she summed up Lyndon Johnson. "Few of the people who came in contact with Lyndon ever fully understood him. His staff, his friends and especially me, each of us had his or her piece of the Lyndon Johnson puzzle. But no one ever really put the puzzle completely together. I loved him completely. Once John Connally called him 'kind, generous, greedy, ruthless, caring and uncaring'."

Madeleine smiled and said, "It was all true."

5

Paper Marriage

In T*exas in the Morning*, Madeleine wrote:

"One weekend at the Driskill in 1961, Lyndon somberly met m e at the door and after a passionate embrace we sat together on the sofa.

'Madeleine, I've got a fucking big problem,' he said slowly, taking my hand in his, 'and you're the one who can solve it."

"What's the problem, Lyndon?' I asked.

'It's not 'what,' it's who.'

'Then who is the problem?' I asked impatiently.

'It's that queer bastard, Hoover.'

'Kennedy thinks of Hoover as a relic who has survived beyond his time, and he has. Lyndon continued. 'He plans to on making Hoover leave the FBI when he reaches the mandatory retirement age on New Year's Day, 1965. I just can' t have this happen. I rely on Hoover a lot. He is my contact with the oil guys. Ol' Clint owns Hoover—you know.'

'So what's the problem?'

'Hoover knows I'm fucking around and it's causing heat in Washington and especially with Bird. He knows about you and Steven and he's calling in his marker,' Lyndon said, lowering his head. 'If I don't get Kennedy to waive his mandatory retirement, Hoover's threatening to go public about our relationship. I'd rather have Hoover inside the tent pissing out than outside pissing in.'

I knew that Hoover' s blackmail threat was intimidating Lyndon, an unlikely position for the master intimidator himself.

'So I need your help, Madeleine.'

'What can I do, Lyndon?'

'I've talked it over with Jessie and Ragsdale and we think you should get married so it would take some of the heat off me. People, especially my Bird, don't suspect married women.'

I started laughing. 'Married? Are you kidding me? Who would I marry? I haven't been seeing anyone but you.' [Lyndon's longtime aide and former Presidential Press Secretary George Reedy wrote in his revealing memoir in 1983, Lyndon B. Johnson that one of the Lyndon's 'favorites...who held his attention longer than the rest and for whom Lyndon exhibited some deep feelings was married off, possibly because a continued relationship was incompatible with the Vice Presidency.']

'Jesse says you've been shooting skeet and playing golf with a friend of mine by the name of West. He would be a likely candidate.'

"You people know everything that I do,' I protested, not able to conceal my surprise. 'Besides, he's just a friend. We're not lovers or anything.'

'I know that, Madeleine,' he said matter-of-factly. 'It would strictly be a marriage for appearance's sake. He'll live in his house and you'll live in your house. There's be no hanky-panky and we can continue to discreetly see each other.'

'You make it sound like the man has already agreed to this arrangement, Lyndon!'

He nodded. 'He has. The only thing left undone is for you two to go down to the justice of the peace so I can get my balls out of Hoover's vise grip...and soothe Bird's jangled nerves. At least it will please Edgar.'

'How much did you pay Charles?' I courageously asked.

'Every man has his price,' he smiled. 'But when this bullshit is over, I'm going to make Hoover kiss my ass in Macy's window on the hottest day of the year and swear it smells like roses.'

A few weeks later, Charles G. West (who, later, committed suicide) and I were 'married' on paper in a very short unceremonial civil service by a justice of the peace. Evidently, our charade was successful in derailing Hoover's blackmail threats as President Kennedy took immediate steps to make Lyndon the most active vice president in history."

[On January 1, 1965, President Lyndon Johnson staged a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden announcing the waiver of Hoover's retirement.]

6

Dallas: The Murder Capital of the World

In the early 1960s, Dallas was called the Murder Capital of the World. It's population in 1960 was 679,684 compared to 7,781,984 in New York City. Yet it had more murders per capita.

It was a city ruled without laws by a hundred men beyond reach of regulations. Not that the Committee of 100 were criminals per se, but their day-to-day decisions were made in secret, making them uncensurable. Dallas has often been called "wide open." Madeleine notes that there was open prostitution, organized crime, gambling, abortions, contracts taken out on people... "There was no organization. It was thought that if you could get by with it, it was great."

"Wide open" conveys the image of a frontier city where a central lawman enforces the laws with variances decreed by his own perceptions or personal sense of outrage. Where crimes had layers of severity, and most criminals and "ordinary" citizens who were compelled to commit a crime, knew where they stood. But that is not the way Dallas was.

Here again Madeleine Brown and I put our heads together to reach some way to describe it. As a new Dallas citizen and reporter, I was expected to learn quickly where the boundaries were. I told her that I remember driving east (as eastward as any Dallas street went) on Mockingbird over the railroad tracks past Greenville Avenue. I could see where Joe Campisi's warehouse was, and was aware that the area was not to be explored. Not that I would not drive on the streets; I did when necessary. It was just that I would have no business there. "Well, that was their (organized crime) area," Madeleine said. I agreed, but she

described it in a graphic way that is instantly understandable. "When my brother, Joe, was alive," she said, "he had a neighbor who was a police officer named Jay Finley. One night Jay went out on a call into Campisi's area. Campisi's men took him out back (in the area of the railroad tracks) and pistol whipped him. After they worked him over, Joe called the officer by name and said, 'If you ever need a drink or want me to fix you up, just tell me, but don't *ever* come out here on police business.'"

A Dallasite could be born there, grow up, go away and go to college, return to make a successful career, and eventually die as a rarity—a native Dallasite—without knowing who ruled his home town and how.

The "Committee of 100", as we chose to call them, did not operate publicly, or even always together. Committee members operated loosely. Whatever few members had the greatest to gain or lose made decisions for the group. Such decisions were not protested by other members.

Over the the members of the committee were two men whom I choose to call "kings" because of their great similarity to kings in history. The time they were in power was the late 1950s and early 1960s. The kings ruled over separate kingdoms which generated livelihoods to thousands of knights and servants, both working inside their kingdoms and in the colonies which they owned. Today, the analogy seems strange, ludicrous, impossible. But it did exist.

One example is the planning of the motorcade in which President John F. Kennedy traveled and where he was to speak—at the Dallas Trade Mart. Before the Trade Mart was approved there was controversy among the city controllers over a choice between the Women's Building at the State Fairgrounds and the Trade Mart, a building almost impossible to secure. The Women's Building was ugly, in an unsavory part of the city, and easy to rule out. The Trade Mart was spectacular by sight in that day, but it's security problems were enormous. The President, of course, never got there.

What is often discussed, with great gaps of misunderstanding, is the motorcade route. Researchers have argued that the President's car should have jumped a curb after the underpass, or gone on Industrial Boulevard, a street as ugly as it sounds, but a straight route to the trade center.

Why? Instead, there was a direct route which I took several times a week when traveling from the *Dallas Times Herald* to the Home Furnishings Mart, part of the Trade Mart complex. I drove south on Field to Elm, then turned west on Elm, went under the underpass, onto Stemmons and was at my destination within five minutes. Visual appeal was good and traffic well regulated.

The route taken instead was west on Main Street, below taller buildings with no security. Advance man Winston Lawson was unfamiliar with the route. Secret Service Agent Forrest Sorrells thought it was okay. "It was good enough for Franklin D. Roosevelt," he claimed.

Maybe...thirty five years before. Sorrels, who might be considered an aide to the President, had been a Dallasite for over thirty years. He acted like one, choosing a route which made the President most vulnerable.

Penn Jones reportedly wrote an article called "A Woman of Importance," describing the insider activities of Betty Foster Frosling Harris, wife of Leon Harris, owner of the A. Harris (it grew into the Sanger-Harris chain) department store. Information has it that the article is a fake or was misinformation. If Jones wrote the article, in it he claimed that Harris told him that his wife was the "contact person" to Jack Puterbaugh, who was a "strange character" in the advance detail planning the President's visit to Dallas. Jones claimed that Puterbaugh's only other trip west was to talk with Billie Sol Estes on "undisclosed matters." Apparently reported by her husband, Betty was involved in "seeing that there was not an over amount of security along the motorcade route." I do not report that as truth—the colorful Penn Jones courageously told many stories, but his personal beliefs at times crept into his articles. And if the article was a total fake, I can only 'forgive' the FBI, because they have taken on the role of masters in the creation of fake information. Others should be subject to criminal prosecution for defaming the reputation of the elderly journalist. It could surely be documented whether Mrs. Harris had lunch with SA Winston Lawson on November 20, 1963, but even if she did, we cannot know what was discussed. Nevertheless, Harris claimed that it was Puterbaugh who decided the motorcade would make the "unpublicized" one block detour from Main on Houston over to Elm. Half a dozen "men" were present, and none dissented, Jones wrote. One can think of no logical reason that Puterbaugh was present and in the motorcade except as an agent for Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

Madeleine Brown knew Betty Harris well enough to know who she was on sight, as well as her place in society. "She married Harris when the department store was still named A. Harris. She definitely was in the inner circles of Dallas." But the article does not definitely state that Harris knew of the motorcade route. Still, Madeleine says that "word had it" that Puterbaugh planned the change. She does not claim to have proof.

If we consider the administrative division of the U.S. government in 1968 as even remotely similar to it in 1963, the U.S. Department of Agriculture was still a common placement for political appointees. I knew a lifetime employee of that department who fought against approval of

unqualified recommended employees in that division, sometimes unsuccessfully. (After all, they didn't need great technical knowledge, such as in the Department of the Treasury or others.) And in 1967 and 1968, some of those appointees were definitely sent by President Lyndon Johnson.

In Dallas, beneath the kings was a strata of civic leaders who were best described by Warren Leslie, author of *Dallas, Public and Private*, published in 1964. Leslie, quoted Professor Reese McGee, head of the sociology department at the University of Texas, for the following comment: "Barring the probability of Mississippi, in a doomed and fated way it had to be in Texas, and in Texas, Dallas."[9] Leslie wrote that "Dallas is run by a group which has no mandate from the people and which is not subject to recall".[10] He added, "Dallas is a business city, especially a financial center, and its dollar power allies it closely to Wall Street." [11]

He went on to say that Dallas "is not run by a power elite of two hundred; it is run—or strongly led—by a group of at most ten, at fewest three, men." Leslie cited such familiar names as Robert Cullum, J. Erik Jonsson and James Ling, and wrote: "If these nine men agree on something, and if at the same time the newspapers, led by Joe Dealey (the "News") and James Chambers (the "Times-Herald") also agree, this automatically means that the two Dallas television stations will agree, since they are owned by the newspapers." That group assured that the rest of the city would follow. He termed it government by a private club, hence government by *junta.*[12]

While the Mayoralty was an elected position in the 60's, it was not always so. When Earle Cabell retired to run for congress, five councilmen, controlled by the Citizens' Charter Association, a wing of the Citizens' Council, asked Erik Jonsson to accept the job, and Jonsson did. According to Leslie, Larry Kelly, executive director of the Dallas Civic Opera, laughed about the feat and reportedly said, "I think we have the only city in the world where it could happen." [13] *Exactly.*

An article published in Fortune Magazine in 1949 proclaimed: "...Everything in Dallas is bigger and better, the parties are plusher, the buildings are more air-conditioned, the women better dressed and the girls more fetching. And in all of these things, it is finally a monument to sheer determination. Dallas doesn't owe a thing to accident, nature or inevitability. It is what it is—even to the girls—because the men of Dallas damned well planned it that way." [14]

To Leslie, the oligarchy were the "working" members of the Council. The oil men weren't the same. They simply 'were'; they were too wealthy to be corralled when work time came; they lived where they wanted to live. They worked, but at a different level than other CEOs. Clint

Murchison, Jr. changed the face of the city when he built Texas Stadium. The difference was, he didn't have to ask anyone's permission. H.L. Hunt's radio show, Life Line, had great impact on Dallas' citizens. It aided immeasurably in creating the hotbed in which radical thinking flourished.

Some of the values were "wild western" and some Southern. Leslie claimed there were an inordinate number of rifles and handguns, a fact supported by a prize winning newspaper series written by reporters at the *Dallas Times Herald.* The stories focused on the rising crime in Dallas in 1964.

In truth, many were concerned about Kennedy visiting Dallas. The reasons centered on the political arena noted herein. William Manchester, Jackie Kennedy sued, author of *The Death of a President*, quoted Stanley Marcus as saying that he believed he and other Dallas leaders should "talk him out of it", as noted before. Marcus reportedly told his top executives, "I don't think this city is safe for it." Marcus shared vague fears about the tempestuous actions of some Dallas citizens in regard to politics.

Said Manchester, "There was a chorus of warnings. And then there was a catastrophe. Between the two lies an abyss which can be adequately explored—

Between the idea...
And the reality...
Falls the shadow." [15]

Money rules, of course, but in differing ways. Dallas was a frontier town only in the sense that there seemed to be little common sense. Women wore mink coats in a city which skipped winter, and bought Christmas presents from the Neiman-Marcus catalog. They cowed their husbands at home (noted by Leslie), and were the fiercest supporters of right-wing Congressman Bruce Alger. Many citizens across the vast state flew their small planes into Red Bird Airport, or even Love Field, so they could buy the finest apparel or items of luxury the retail world had to offer.

Dallas was also a paradox. It's community side was described by Madeleine Brown. "Life seemed so much simpler then. I ordered most things by phone. The reason I knew Roscoe White, we called him Rocky, is that he delivered medicine from the Clay Page Pharmacy. Later on, he hung out at Austin's Barbecue with Tippet. (Ricky White, the son of Rocky, later claimed that his father took part in killing Kennedy.)

Once I even ordered a refrigerator by calling the store and telling that I thought my refrigerator was breaking down, and they said they would send one over for me to use while they checked mine out. We all

had little notched charge cards that said they could be used at any store which honored them. They came in a little red plastic case. I still have mine."

Madeleine remembers that Eli Sanger, eventually owner of a large chain of department stores, fathered a child by one of his black women servants. "But he kept the child and raised it."

I believe that Oak Cliff was something more of a friendly community than north Dallas. I would add J.C. Penney to my list of stores, because my young boys grew up in Buster Brown knits.

In Dallas, in the early 1960s, the climb up the social ladder was especially active. Even in the area where I lived, inside Northwest Highway, each new wife was asked what her husband "did." However banal his work, if his family was connected to any of Dallas' social class, the wives spent more on children's clothes and bought better furniture. "Keeping up with the Joneses" was a game played by most.

A neighbor and her husband were members of the John Birch society, and cordially invited me to a cell meeting. Madeleine reports that she has been told that Bunker Hunt is still active in Birch meetrings. I went to just one meeting. Literature warning of Communist dangers was crudely printed and available in great quantity. Several at the meeting were quiet, secretive men who seemed paranoid regarding the threat of Communism in their midst. General Edwin Walker was a hero to them. Papers describing which guns were best were liberally handed out. I had no interest in the John Birch Society, but perhaps should have looked at its members more closely. They contributed to the fact that there was no more politically syntonic setting to the assassination of a president than Dallas in 1963.

Madeleine suggests, without solid proof, that oilman H.L. Hunt contributed money to the assassination of the President. Her authority is the talkative John W. Currington, who interested the tabloid *National Enquirer* to print an article about him in the 1970s. He claimed that H.L. Hunt dropped money to right-wing men who assassinated the President. Still, Currington contended, Hunt didn't mastermind the assassination. He just promoted enough hate against Kennedy that his followers took him literally and carried out the deed. Madeleine knows Currington personally, and when he told her the Hunt money paid for the Martin Luther King assassination, she demanded proof. She believes that the cashier's checks shown in the exhibit section at the back of this manuscript, which were shown to her as proof, are probably authentic. She hopes that new and young researchers will study her beliefs vigorously, as we no longer can. She also bases her belief on events of the party of November 21 mentioned earlier.

We believe that in those few minutes the plans already in place were discussed so that all in attendance could plan their actions and reactions. The oilmen were always silent about what happened behind

the closed doors. They likely did not realize their friend Lyndon would be as talkative as he was in the years before his death.

Dallas and Lyndon Johnson needed John F. Kennedy out of the way. In Texas, in the 1960s and into the 1970s, the easiest method of elimination was death.

Once the plan had been executed, Dallas first plans to hold an investigation into the assassination concerned J. Edgar Hoover enough to inform his friend and neighbor, the new President of the United States, that any such plan had to be stopped. President Lyndon Baines Johnson jumped to, and commanded that there be no such action. Instead we were all handed over to the Warren Commission. The Commission was formed in December, 1963, and held its first meetings in January of 1964.

The liberty of the Fourth Estate was established, according to the United States Constitution, to protect the people from abuses of the government. The failure of Dallas' major newspapers to fulfill their mission was a significant omission blocking further investigation.

Yet it is not unusual that the newspapers were silent. They too, were tools of the kings and their services were assured. But *The Dallas Times Herald* did refuse to run the black bordered advertisement, and it was the one Dallas newspaper ordered by Jacqueline Kennedy in the days immediately following November 22, 1963.

A mixture of caring and uncaring, civility and insolence, greed and generosity, altruistism and ruthlessness, culture and crass has been used to describe Lyndon Johnson. It also depicts his favorite state, Texas, and unequivocally characterizes Texas' shining star—Dallas.

7

H.L. Hunt's World

A curious but common problem for Madeleine Brown and me has been explaining to people what Dallas was like in the early 1960s, and why they should care enough to try and understand. There is an important reason. We contend that not only was Dallas *predisposed* to the killing of President John F. Kennedy, but that the controllers of the city wanted it to happen there.

Also of great importance to all of us is what is happening now in 1996. In a story datelined Angelus Oaks, California, the Associated Press tells of the John Birch summer youth camp where young Americans play ping pong, and in class, are "taught about the secret world plots involving devil worshipers, cocaine-snorting Caribbean rulers, the United Nations, and Bill Clinton. They have tee shirt slogans saying 'I love animals, they're delicious,' and 'Fight Crime, Shoot Back.'"

These nineties Birchers—our American youth— are being raised in the tradition of the Hitler Youth to fight against what they are taught to believe is a powerful group of "insiders" manipulating global events in an effort to create a totalitarian, atheistic, one-world government. I believe that any President, unless his or her values matched the priciples the Birchers extole, would be targeted as an enemy.

Hence, the hatred which once hailed all travelers entering Dallas on a huge billboard which proclaimed: WELCOME TO DALLAS, HOME OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY, is not dead. It just went underground and surfaced renewed.

There is very little known about a third "king" of Dallas, Sid Richardson, who was Clint Murchison's lifelong friend and partner in many ventures, including race tracks. Madeleine Brown's uncle, Johnny Bowen, was a friend of Richardson and knew him to be part of the 8F. It would be difficult to imagine Richardson not knowing about any plans

made by that group, and it likely that he was part of the group's early political plans (as shown by his photograph with an older "Ike"). However, he died before the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Richardson preferred to live in Fort Worth and on his own island like Clint Murchison. Madeleine remembers that "his office was in his hat. He never had a secretary," she said. "Instead he would stuff little notes into his hat and then take them out when it was convenient." Richardson's kingdom was separate, but he was in Dallas often. The reason for the solitary lifestyle of Richardson was most likely his homosexual orientation, which undoubtedly gave him cause for privacy even from his fellow kings. A person who must have had a great deal of knowledge about Richardson was John Connally, who received millions for settling Richardson's estate in the late 1950s. Connally also died without revealing a number of issues relevant to the death of President John F. Kennedy, including bullet fragments remaining in his own body.

The most audacious and strange figure in the 8F, some would argue, would be H.L. Hunt.

Madeleine Brown knew H.L. Hunt well, and saw some of his endearing qualities.

Madeleine wrote in *Texas In the Morning*:

> "My daily routine included a fifteen or twenty minute break at Vick's Coffee Bar in downtown Dallas. There I would purchase up to ten Roi Tans for Mr. Wilcox. [Wilcox was head of the advertising agency where Madeleine worked.] My "coffee cronies" included policemen on the Dallas street beat; advertising executives; secretaries; an attorney whom I'll call Harvey Bollinger, whose father had been a bookkeeper for Chicago gangster, Al Capone; as well as oilmen such as Clint Murchison, Sid Richardson and H. L. Hunt.
>
> Mr. Hunt stood almost six feet tall, weighed approximately 170 pounds, and always wore clothes that looked as if they had been purchased from the local thrift shop. Before I began attending social functions and learned he was the richest man in the world, I used to buy Mr. Hunt a cup of coffee every morning (which he almost never drank) not only because I thought he was homeless and couldn't afford a ten cent cup of coffee, but because he could charm the birds out of the trees. Believe it or not, he was almost excluded from patronizing Vick's because of his appearance.
>
> The advertising executives would brag about their new clients, such as Dr. Pepper, but it was the titillating stories of gangsters, gamblers, wildcatters, and off-color sex stories told by Harvey

Bollinger and H. L. Hunt that added color and excitement to our mornings.

We chided H. L. often about his multiple ladies and his three marriages. He loved pretty women. We all knew he had ties with Jack Ruby's girls (who at that time was simply known as a former Al Capone guy). One of Hunt's favorites was Lacy. She was beautiful and appeared to be what H. L. often ordered. I never knew if any of my cronies were patrons of Madame Nina De Loache who operated what was probably Dallas' only true brothel, an exclusive place near the John Birchers who lived in the luxurious Turtle Creek section of Dallas.

H. L. Hunt, a dropout of school in the fifth grade, had gambled in Chicago for years, going way back to when he was a young hobo drifting across the country on his own. Later he parlayed a $4000 pot from a game in to a successful oil business in El Dorado, Arkansas. His first drilling rig had cost him $50. H. L. Hunt learned the to play poker from cotton planters on the mighty Mississippi. After he had hit it big in the oil business, he started traveling to gambling joints in Chicago more and more frequently. Because of the amounts of money he played for, as well as his skills at poker, he was treated respectfully by young Al Capone. Occasionally H. L. visited Capone's gambling emporium called the Four Deuces.

Although H. L. and Capone came from different backgrounds, different worlds, light years apart, they followed the same rules in life and business—their own peculiar code of honor, trust and respect.

Yes, H. L. and Capone were more alike than either man would care to admit."

In Dallas, H.L Hunt and his counterpart, Clint Murchison, obeyed no rules. Both had worked hard as young men and their fingernails had been soiled by Texas dirt. One tends to forget that they were politically active—first in grooming General Douglas MacArthur for president, then General Dwight David Eisenhower, and lastly fellow Texan Lyndon Johnson. In biographies of both men, their political activities are mentioned but never given as much weight as their fortunes and families. Yet the political strategies of both lacked subtlety and proceeded in "damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead"[16] fashion. To confuse the effect that they had on the entire country even more, they both committed openly audacious public outrages that made secrets they held seem contradictory. A deep search for their hidden actions and associations

should not be avoided by any researcher considering Hunt or Murchson. Their secrets were gargantuan.

Since H.L. Hunt makes more colorful reading, he could easily be thought to be the leader in the hidden war with John F. Kennedy. He and Clint Murchison played large parts. Madeleine, through her friendship with Hunt and his staff, submits that Hunt was resigned to political defeat in 1960. Kennedy money and the Mafia ties were formidable, both because of their wealth and the danger presented by the latter. But, Hunt said—according to Madeleine (and I support all that she says in *Dallas Did It!*)—"We may lose the battle but we will win the war." And they did!

Clint, called "Murk" by those close to him, was equally or perhaps more greatly involved. The hatred of both kings of Kennedy benefited Richard Nixon in vast ways, which must at first have seemed like unexpected manna from heaven to the headstrong, business-biased Republican. We submit that Nixon was present at Clint's home the night of November 21, and surely was told where he fit in. The position of Nixon and the Texas oilmen was obviously purely political. In 1964, LBJ was right where they wanted him. But they wanted Richard Nixon in their camp when necessary. Money was surely given to both sides, even if more heavily to one particular candidate. Of LBJ, after he became President, the Texans demanded a war. The Texas defense industry was mammoth and flourished during the Vietnam War. Madeleine remembers Lyndon saying, "Goddam, I'll give them their war."

All was well in Texas until Lyndon's position on the war was rejected by the majority of Americans, and even his own daughters, according to what I heard in Washington in 1968. After he announced he would not run again, the Texans offered their money to Nixon. Nixon won handily in 1968. He did not need Texas support as greatly as LBJ had.

Hunt and Murchison were first and foremost arch conservatives. That stance was not based on any particular philosophical belief, but was necessary to protect their fortunes.

My understanding of the families of Clint and H.L. was different from Madeleine's. I never met Hunt, though if you lived in Dallas you couldn't avoid hearing him; by radio, or news coverage. I remember when he publicized his novel *Alpaca* in 1960. During a publicity stint at Cokebury's—the largest and finest book store in Dallas at the time—he had his two youngest daughters by Ruth Ray sing :

> "How much is that book in the window
> The one that says all the smart things
> How much is that book in the window?
> The one that my daddy wrote..."

The ditty was sung to the tune of "How Much is that Doggie in the Window", and the answer was fifty cents. The show made the national wire services. The Hunt children, especially those by his last wife, Ruth, did not find living with the king always pleasant. Hunt enjoyed singing, and would demand that the girls sing for guests, even during their dinner. One of the daughters went to her mother and said, "Mother, I've figured out a way to kill Daddy." Her mother soothed her hurt feelings and assured the young girl that there were better ways to work things out. Not that they did. The children suffered through lectures on how many pennies it cost to operate a light bulb for different periods of time, and, of course, his lectures on politics conducted the "right" way.

My mother checked *Alpaca* out of the library, and I leafed through some pages but quickly lost interest. Later, in the late 1970s, I would meet Helen Hunt, one of those daughters. She was kind to me. The long courtship of Dr. Harville Hendrix and Helen was an on-again-off-again romance. It was dead serious on the part of Harville, who *I was told upon good authority,* wanted only to marry a rich woman the second time around. The romance was the talk of the "association"—a group of counselors and psychotherapists who officed in an older Preston Center house turned into a small psychiatric clinic. Harville was Office Manager. He interviewed me for a secretary, meeting on an early Saturday morning. We talked about several things, few of them related to business. He finally decided he "liked me," hired me, then quickly asked, "Oh, you do type, don't you?" I kept Harville's professional books a short time. His insistence that his patient's never had an outstanding balance because they were "going" to pay, led to a disagreement between us.

It was during that period that I met Helen Hunt. I saw what it might be like to be wealthy. One morning she came in blithely with her daughter and handed me a gift through the sliding glass window separating me from the patients. It was a lovely Limoges porcelain box, a gift from Helen because, as she said, "It is a lovely day in May." I kept the box for a number of years until hit by a severely hard time when I sold it for a few dollars.

Long before, I learned a political Texas reality. In Dallas in the 1960s, the icon for the city was oil. Nothing else. A man may grow wealthy in real estate and be respected, but even if a dribble of his money came from oil, he became a legend. I remember driving with my family when I was nineteen in the area called Forest Hills, just south of our tiny home. My father had quickly learned the city's legend after we moved there from Missouri. He pointed out four imposing white brick houses. "Those all belong to the same family," he said. "The father built houses for his children right next to him. He brought in Spindletop."

First, there were no hills in Forest Hills, but some trees. I don't remember the family's name, but wish I did. I do know the story of

Spindletop, a gusher which "came in" in 1901, in south Texas. Six wells were drilled there. They could produce as much oil as the rest of the world combined at the time.

Spindletop. The image still brings inner shivers.

Have you ever heard something said with such command (not angry tones, but arresting) that you never forgot it being said? I remember a day at the office of the association of therapists when Harville was protesting the problems encountered in filling up his gas tank. The "oil shortage" was so bad in Dallas that citizens with odd numbers at the end of their license plates were allowed to buy gas on odd numbered days, and those with even numbers could only purchase on even days. It was not only an inconvenience; it was a little dangerous. The lines were long and waiting in the Texas heat to inch toward a pump created hot tempers. Some would cut in line if a driver failed to move forward instantly, and honking horns were the mildest form of protest.

To Harville Hendrix, who had had a helicopter fly him to Fort Worth to give counseling to a group of Catholic nuns, the "wait" was not just an inconvenience, but something of a personal insult. One day, while leafing through his mail, he complained mildly about the problem. Helen Hunt, standing nearby, spoke clearly and with great authority, "I told you what would happen if they deregulated gas."

Harville shut up. And I was reminded that Helen Hunt was more than a person I knew—she was oil. And in Texas, you didn't mess with oil. The kings and all their offspring kept the icon alive in our minds.

Helen kept the name Hunt even after her first marriage, though I was told she would not discuss her father with casual acquaintances. There seemed to be great pride in being a Hunt, as well as great denial of the man's giant weaknesses. She also held no love for her half-brothers, Bunker and Lamar, for reasons I would discover later. (The split Hunt families ultimately had legal battles over the Hunt fortune.)

H.L. Hunt's childhood began near Vandalia, Illinois, in hidden but psychologically dramatic fashion. His father, Haroldson Lafayette Sr., married Ella Rose Myers, a comely woman who had been a nurse and school teacher. Each had a child by an earlier marriage. They had eight children together, and H.L. apparently was known to be their last. Therefore, he was made a Jr. He was close to his mother, who did not wean him until "about seven years old." H.L., in writing about his childhood, remembered standing on a box to reach his mother's breast while she kneaded bread. (Thinking of the psychological implications, one is reminded of the great concern voiced by many because Lee Oswald slept in his mother's bed for a short period of time.) Seven years is not a brief period of time. Surely, if a seven-year-old is still in formative years (determined to include different developmental stages at varing times) H.L. Hunt's "ownership" of his mother's breast past the *time of need*, as

well as his relief from school attendance required of his siblings, surely spelled to the young man that he was beyond social duties and even legal requirements.

H.L. grew to be a good looking 16-year-old, who left home and hopped a train and lived for a time in a camp for railroad laborers or simply roamed. While he worked—topping sugar beets, driving mule trains, planting grain or washing dishes—he also soon became adept at gambling. That time, in truth, did not last long. He began courting Lyda Bunker, whose family lived not far from his. Soon after the death of his mother, H.L. married Lyda. Two years later they had their first child, a son, named after his father, Haroldson Lafayette Jr. The new baby would be called "Hassie." H.L. tried farming but kept his family afloat usually by gambling. He found he had a "photographic memory" and a talent he named "Hunt luck."

For a time he dabbled in real estate and went to Florida. There he met a nice looking Polish woman. Calling himself Major Franklin Hunt, H.L. dated her and fell in love. Not that he didn't love Lyda. But he loved Frania Tye as well. Since she would not consummate their union outside of marriage, in 1925 he took Frania to the courthouse and married her. Later, Major Hunt moved Frania to Shreveport in order to successfully "father" two families. Frania, too, had borne him a son.

Hunt's entrance into oil occurred when he began to explore the El Dorado (Arkansas) oil fields and met Dad Joiner. Many were drawn to the quest for oil, for reasons beyond money. In the book *Life in the Oil Fields*, Roger and Diana Olien wrote: "The oil fields offered attractions apart from money. Exploration, worth elements of high risk and high stakes, with fortunes made and lost overnight, was more exciting than the plodding routine of country life. It was fast-moving, unpredictable, and constantly challenging."

H.L. had developed a drill-stem testing tool, enabling those to take a sample of what was at the bottom of the well before it was completed. The tool had disadvantages, including making the well harder to "cap," bit it drew some attention, especially from Joiner. Then in his seventies, Columbus Marion "Dad" Joiner had extensive experience, but the big strikes had eluded him. Further he seldom owned clear title to the land on which he drilled. If he did strike oil, his fellow investors wanted immediate payment. It is said that H.L. took him to a hotel, giving him liquor and women and "stealing " the older man's investments. Yet Joiner is said to have said to Hunt, "Boy, you may be buying a pig in a poke."

H.L. took the chance and parlayed the investment of $109 into the beginning of his fortunes. To come out on top, Hunt won 300 lawsuits to obtain clear title.

Of this period, Madeleine remembers all the stories about Joiner. "H.L. stole that land. Dad Joiner died a homeless old man on the streets of Dallas," I heard.

Hunt was in a prolific period of his life. He moved to Henderson, Texas, to oversee his drilling, but he had family on the mind as well. There were stories that he believed that his sperm to be superior to others, and that society benefited by his many children. He won the women he wanted, controlled each in varying ways and was never touched by the law. H.L. Hunt was a bigamist not just once but twice, and by marrying Frania under an assumed name was probably guilty of fraud.

During this complicated interval, Hunt had two daughters named Helen (making it difficult for me to be certain which one I knew). Hunt eventually moved Frania to Dallas, where he and Lyda had settled in "Mt. Vernon." Although Frania claimed to not know of Hunt's deception, there is no question that when she was told the truth by a woman friend, she dressed Hunt down. Utilizing some theatrics of her own, she took all her children to Dallas and left them in a hotel room, after making sure that H.L. knew where they were. Hunt cajoled his second (bigamous) wife to come back for the children. When she did, Hunt was waiting at the room with Margaret, his daughter by Lyda. Hunt was 52 at the time and had been living a double life for 16 years. During the stormiest time, he duped Frania to meeting him in Utah, where he suggested that she become a Mormon to simplify things. Frania, a devout Catholic, would not. He had no such plans for himself. H.L. told his children that he was not a Christian—probably one of the most honest statements he ever made.

H.L.'s manipulative skills only gave him problems once. He set up a meeting between Lyda and Frania, during which Lyda offered to adopt Frania's children. Frania was so charmed by Lyda that she let up on H.L. In 1942 she signed an agreement saying that she wasn't married to H.L.—another lie.

Meanwhile, as they say, back at the ranch, or at least by the time H.L was fifty-three, he met a cute young secretary, Ruth Ray, who worked at Hunt Oil in Shreveport. He took to her, too, and turned her head. She became pregnant, moved to New York where H.L supported her. Ruth used the last name of Wright. H.L. and Ruth had four children together. Her oldest, Ray, eventually ran Hunt Oil during the last of Hunt's years. By that time, Hunt had moved all the "Wrights" to Dallas. Hassie, Lyda's oldest son, became ill with schizophrenia, and his daughter Haroldina by Frania also had an emotional disturbance.

Suddenly H.L. decided he should join Dallas' social life. He applied at a prestigious country club and was turned down. All of Dallas was

nouveau riche, but its social set decided it was time to distinguish between new money and old money. They promptly rejected Hunt's application. *He may have been just too much.*

Life proceeded as Hunt became the richest man in the world, a fact noted by editors of "Time" magazine. Ray took an interest in Hunt Oil, and Lamar and Bunker proceeded in different ways. Bunker drilled for oil in Libya, and Lamar started a second football league. The AFL team—the Dallas Texans—lost money until Lamar moved them to Kansas City, where they became the Kansas City Chiefs. Someone asked H.L. If he was concerned about Lamar's losing hobby. H.L. said, "Well, at the rate he's going, he'll go broke—in 250 years."

November 24, 1957, H.L. married Ruth. The Dallas Times Herald ran a 6 inch (small) story the next day with the headline "Oilman H.L. Hunt Marries..." In this manner, H.L.'s first daughters, Margaret and Caroline (who had lunch with their father at a restaurant the day before until he left to keep an appointment) learned they had a new mother. Ruth Davis Wright Hunt was two years younger than Caroline Hunt, his oldest daughter. H.L. Hunt's arbitrary use of power, in family life and business, his disregard of what others thought, his life above the law, gave evidence of a world new, a weltanschauuing, where Texas oilmen were regarded as superior beings.

In his sixties, H.L. strangely began reflecting on his life. It seemed to have occurred to him that he would like people to remember him by other than having fifteen children He settled on one primary focus (in addition to making money). That was that he needed to get rid of all the Communists in America, and let it's citizens know what he was doing for them. He already had LIFE LINE (written in all caps at Hunt's insistence) a radio show which was heard in homes all across America. But he had to do more. He began to take an active stance on political issues. Even then, he viewed politics through his own eyes, and took a stance as bent as a huge tree shaped by unseen winds. Some may have thought him so far removed from politics as they knew it as to make him harmless. A.C. Greene, Times Herald editorial writer, told a visiting reporter that there was something almost quaint about H.L. Hunt. "...if he weren't such a damm hick, H.L. Hunt could be one of the most dangerous men in America." [17] I didn't know Hunt, but I did know Greene, and disagree with his assessment of H.L. Hunt. We ask, how many of our readers have managed to make their first million, much less their first billion? Further, are all hicks innocent?

H.L. Hunt was perhaps the richest man in the world, but he hated to spend a nickel. There again, we say that none should think he wouldn't pay for what was most important to him. His right-wing activities were deep and far-reaching. LIFE LINE has its offices in

Washington. D.C., and it makes perfect sense that lobbying that included among its activities.

Hunt's life involved a multitude of business activities, again possibly deluding his examiners. Unlike Clint Murchison, he had no partners—no one he trusted to carry out his affairs. He barked the orders and employees or citizens jumped. Madeleine Brown never underestimated his power or his reach. "I would walk by his office and see his big feet up on his desk, and we would be ordering his people what to do, whether it was real business or monkey business," she said

He was ultimately joined in some right-wing activities by his son, Bunker, but only to the extent that H.L. allowed. Both hated John F. Kennedy. After voting for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket in 1960, H.L. spent much LIFE LINE time and money in attacking Kennedy. He launched a hate-letter campaign against Kennedy because he was Catholic, which backfired on Hunt when Kennedy decided (it is assumed that he was not coerced) to come to Dallas.

At least three weeks before the visit, Hunt's chief of security, Paul Rothermel, learned that Kennedy might be met with violence during the motorcade. Rothermel, an ex-FBI agent, shared the concern with the FBI and DPD. H.L. decided he should warn the right-wing not to do anything untoward, lest it backfire against them, and wrote a Letter to the Editor.[18] There is no evidence it was ever sent, and certainly it was not published.

In truth, H.L. Hunt *seemed* to do nothing.

Madeleine met him passing out the Wanted for Treason flyers in the parking lot the day before the assassination. "You shouldn't do that, H.L," she sweetly criticized. He replied, "I'm the richest man in America. I can do anything I want." The $1,400 ad run in the Dallas Morning News by the members of CUSA was partly financed by Bunker Hunt, hardly without his father's knowledge. He admitted this act to the Warren Commission and Rothermel kept father and son informed of all charges swirling around them for several years.

As an example of the power Hunt wielded, as a reporter, I never heard that he was a bigamist. Call me stupid? I don't think so. I investigated several stories when the "Herald" allowed. Hearing of an erroneous right wing story aired by a Dallas radio station, I dashed out to find who had fostered the story. I found the station's doors all locked. My editors could not or would not suggest any other access, and the story was dropped. I investigated other issues more fully, even winning a journalism award for one series. It was simply that H.L. Hunt was the richest man in the world and no one at the "Herald" thought it important that he had two wives.

John Currington, an attorney, worked with Rothermel as security men until 1969. Currington then was fired for illegal wiretapping, Madeleine says. [19]

Madeleine Brown saw and talked to Currington and his girl friend as described earlier. After the assassination, the FBI warned H.L. that his life could be in danger and that he might take his family to his ranch. Instead Hunt took his family to Washington, to "help Lyndon." That assistance, she has noted, righted the oil depletion allowance in favor of the oilmen.

In years following Kennedy's death, Hunt was back to his old tricks. All his children lived in the same city (except for Frania's) and lead separate lives until Lyda died while still in her sixties. It seems that she had given up. While Madeleine swears H.L. never wanted to marry Ruth, he did, and moved that family to Mt.Vernon. In fact, there was a report that fourteen-year-old Ray marched to his father's office and lectured H.L. Ray reportedly said his mother was a good Christian woman, and he demanded that his father marry her. H.L. did.

His first children by Lyda were grown and away, except for Hassie who became increasingly ill. I heard that Hassie lived in a separate small house on the grounds.

While Ruth tried to unite the family, and children from the three branches once played touch football in the Mt. Vernon lawn, they never truly blended, which is not difficult to imagine.

H.L.'s death occurred on November 29, 1974. He was eloquently eulogized in the First Baptist Church in Dallas, although there was no evidence that he ever became truly religious. He certainly left his families to duke it out over his fortune after he was settled beneath the ground.

Ray ran Hunt Oil efficiently. [It might interest the JFK researchers to know that they held the ASK symposium in 1993 in the hotel built by Hunt money. Called the "Reunion project," Ray headed it all the way through.] Ultimately, until Bunker and the "first family" wanted Ray to buy them out, on their own terms, of course. They had it out at a meeting with John Connally representing them. The first family finally settled for sole ownership of one of the more prosperous companies, which H.L. always named with five or six letters following a P—"Placid, Prosper," were examples. Hunt's superstitions ranged wider than the peculiar names chosen for his companies. He was known to consult psychic Jean Dixon before making oil deals.

On the heels of the family battle, a storm brewed as Frania's lawsuit against Ray and the oil company threatened them all. The battle between kids 1 and 3 was temporarily set aside. Bunker, Helen and sisters and brothers went to Shreveport to try and discredit the gray-

haired grandmother, whose head bobbing from palsy, showed considerable strength. There was laughter in the courtroom as 1 and 3 grown children enjoyed the discomfort of Hue, Frania's son. Asked if he was related to anyone in some city, he testified "No..well, not that I know of."

Frania received a seven million dollar settlement.

As Madeleine says today, "We just didn't know how they operated. They seemed like such nice old guys. I would run across the street from the ad agency to go in the back room of Louie's Oyster Bar and there they would be, H.L. and Clint, playing poker or gin rummy. (Clint reformed after his second marriage and lived a "Christian" life.) I'd demand that they hurry up and make a decision on whether to pay for some air time for some politician, and they were fun, nice to me. Like pals. I had no idea..."

Hunt and Murchison weren't close friends because Hunt had few friends and Clint had hundreds. Yet in gambling they found common ground. They were also both members of the 8F—one place and one group where H.L.'s white socks and rumpled suits were ignored.

The attraction for Louie's—an undistinguished, cramped eatery—lay in the bravery and unspoken sophistication of beef-eating Texans swallowing whole raw oysters laced with blazing Tabasco sauce, and pretending they liked it. Occasionally I ate there, and was convinced I, too, enjoyed the fare. My experiences with the Murchisons were generally speaking, unpleasant. But I agree with Madeleine—we had no idea how sinister they were.

8

"Murk"

Before I became a reporter in 1962, I was a legal secretary. I was accomplished at the work and had no trouble finding jobs. Since I was married at the time and in my childbearing years, I held two jobs for attorneys until I became pregnant and then left work for a period of a year or more. One such time in the late 1950s was spent as a secretary for the Murchison interests headed by John Dabney and Clint Murchison Jr. The firm was located at 1201 Main. I was directly employed by the law firm of Jenkins, Anson and Spradley.

Eight secretaries were assigned to specific attorneys, but they also had to take paty in the "steno pool," an assignment I had never held before and found distasteful. However, I was soon in charge of the "minute book room" and was able to keep up with the family acquisitions and growth. It was tremendous in those days. As would be expected, nothing of illegal appearance found its way into the minute books. All actions were surely sanitized before entry.

An example of the atmosphere at 1201 Main was evidenced when Clint Sr. called and asked to speak to one of the attorneys. He would not give his name. If one of us failed to recognize his voice, and asked "May I ask who is calling?" He would lower his voice and say, "You may not." Mispronouncing his name with an "h" rather than a "k" sound produced similar results, leaving some secretaries in fear of losing their jobs. I did not share their fear, but instead found the atmosphere offensive. The turnover among eight secretaries was so great that within six months, I became office manager.

Neither of the brothers carried much cash. They drove older model black Fords to work. I began to hear names almost daily that I had only read in newspapers—Great Southwest Corporation, Wynne, Jaffe and Tinsley, Sid Richardson, William McKenzie, and others. But only clothed in the context of business. The lawyers were closed-mouthed. Then, I

believed what I heard: that they were given tips to make money in stocks and real estate deals. It seemed a logical trade-off for the conditions under which they worked. They were highly stressed, somewhat like the characters described in John Grisham's *The Firm*.

The atmosphere in the building was of sheer fear—fear of displeasing the brothers or their father. Not just among the secretaries—telephone calls from the brothers produced emergent attention from all the attorneys. As a case in point, I remember one of the attorneys who had a winning personality, the only one I ever heard laugh. Stories about Clint and his son abounded among the secretaries, and I later discovered that little I heard was untrue. Although we secretaries feared both brothers, we feared Murk most.

Clint Sr. seldom carried *any* cash. He often would be driven to downtown Dallas by an employee and then catch a cab home. He never paid the drivers, leaving them to go to his office for their fare. Dallas had four cab companies with different names. Clint owned them all. Stories about ole Clint were numerous. Men talked about his old cars. An office boy for American Liberty was fascinated when he was asked to pick Clint's car up from Marley's garage. It was a 1937 Buick with a wooden chair for a seat. After the car seat burned, Clint had the chair put in, and considered it comfortable.

Clint had correctly predicted American prosperity, then inflation, and considered his success would be largely depend on buying anything worthwhile for as little cash and as much debt as possible.

One story told by Don Harrington[19] was that while at the Petroleum Club in the Baker Hotel, Everett DeGolyer initiated an erudite discussion as to what had been the greatest invention of man. Various scientific achievements were suggested until Clint cut in with, "The promissory note."

On one hot summer day the senior Murchison was brought in from his East Texas home to give a deposition. We secretaries lingered around the double doors of the law library, "listening in." Clint was a crusty old codger who defiantly wore an open collared, white short sleeved shirt when he arrived to give his version of some legal dispute.

He gave his name in answer to attorneys' questions, but when asked his profession, he claimed to be a cattle breeder. Standing against the wall, I listened to the "pregnant pause" while attorneys sought the most tactful way to redirect the obstreperous entrepreneur. During the brief silence, Clint leapt in with great gusto and began to describe what a cattle breeder does. (After all, the lawyers pause of disbelief might have been interpreted as a lack of understanding.) "Well, you take a bull into the barn..." he began, but several attorneys in concert cut short the description of the mating practices of cattle. Unfortunately, I quickly had

to leave the show and return to my desk. I had arrived at a dislike for the Murchison men by Christmas time of the year I worked for them.

Christmas was special to the workers of downtown Dallas. During Christmas week I heard of the rounds of office parties and boxes of candy, fruit and other delicacies that arrived from clients at other offices. I remember standing at Main and Akard and being somewhat shocked at the odor of liquor hanging in the air. (This admission could only come from a former small town woman with prudish background.)

But there were no parties at 1201 Main. The secretaries were to be allowed to leave at noon on Christmas Eve to be with their families as a special sort of gift. However, in that year trust funds were created as Christmas presents for the grandchildren of Clint Sr. The project created an obstacle to the planned staff holiday. Stacks of paper covered the large table in the law library. Some paragraphs on the multi-page documents were identical, but all were typed by the secretarial pool with many carbon copies. Other portions were individualized, and were carefully dictated by the attorneys. They were no happier that Christmas Eve than we, as we all labored until close to six p.m.

Documents and copies of documents were bound. Our bosses stayed even later to assure delivery of the trust funds as Christmas presents to the grandchildren. We secretaries were neither thanked or acknowledged for our "slave labor." There was, of course, no overtime pay or bonus.

Still, of greatest importance in that era was Clint Murchison, Sr. He created the great wealth the sons enjoyed, and ultimately, after his death, the brothers' fortunes died with them. But during that magic era, Clint Murchison was "king."

That Clint's sons were members of the 8F is reasonably expected from their business and family associations. The Murchisons were close to John J. McCloy,[19] father of the American "establishment." McCloy's presence at the November 21 "party" is a significant rendezvous in the Texas connection.

Clint Jr. and John were certainly 8F members. They had, however, differing business styles in the years I knew them. Clint Jr. was socially clumsy and difficult to like. John Murchison would nod and grunt softly when passed in the hall, but Clint Jr. never acknowledged the "help" in any way. Jane Wolfe wrote in her book, *The Murchisons*, published in 1989, that Clint. Jr. was equally ill at ease in society. When greeted by an acquaintance at a party, Clint Jr. did not respond and was gently taken to task by a friend. Clint reportedly replied, "I saw him yesterday... How often do you have to speak to someone?"

When Clint Jr. became owner of the Dallas "Cowboys", he attended most cheerleader tryouts, and selection of the young ladies was

tantamount to an invitation to have sex with the short, hardly attractive tycoon.

Since Clint Sr. owned an island with an airstrip, Clint Jr. later acquired one in the Caribbean. The oldest son also began building a 43,500 square foot house, in a horseshoe shape...the talk of Dallas.

Limestone was brought in by railroad car from Mexico to form the exterior. Wolfe reported that Clint, who planned every inch of the development, built an electronic system so lavish that even he was awed. Doors opened by touching buttons, a big screen television set slid from the ceiling on command, kitchen appliances glided into place, and of course each child had his or her own suite with living room and caregiver's quarters.

The planting of every tree was planned by Clint, after studying the proposed site and considering the impact of its foliage from every angle. A lighting system was installed in the trees and shrubbery.

The construction took years, while the family was cramped in a simple three bedroom house in north Dallas, certainly more costly and spacious than my own, but hardly suitable for such a wealthy family. When even Clint had to agree that the new dwelling on Forest Lane was habitable, he agreed to move in. According to Wolfe, that time was just short of a decade after purchasing the property. He selected his fortieth birthday as the occasion. September 12 was scheduled for the debut of the home. The day was called "Christmas in September."

In Dallas, September usually spelled relief from temperatures in the upper nineties or above one hundred. It might have been as cool as 95° when workmen arrived with truckloads of artificial snow, which was generously scattered over the estate.

"Snow" covered trees and banked along the drive. Guests were dazzled as trees in one area glittered in the snow, then fell into darkness, and another area was illuminated.

The pool had a viewing window reached by a stairwell. Clint and Jane had a separate pool off their bedroom. Only glimpses of the structure could be seen from the street, but a friend of mine—employed in construction—had seen it. He was most dazzled by the electronic "eye" which filled empty glasses with liquor when they were placed beneath. The home had a vast screen television; they were then just being produced as prototypes. If an intruder ever dared to come too close to the home, he touched off an electronic invisible fortress, and became an instant prisoner.

Recently, in 1996, I have read that Clint Jr.'s home, built for ten million dollars, only brought six million after his death. Again, stories are slanted by the tellers. Working recently with Jim Tabor, an artist, on several projects including a few hours whipping out a cover for *Dallas Did It*, I found that he had lived in Dallas before Tulsa, Oklahoma, and helped a relative dismantle the fabulous home. It was not last sold as a

dwelling, but for its parts. Jim told his wife, Rhonda, that the hand-hewn and uniquely designed articles—from joists to machinery—were never seen before or since, almost unbelievable. Bigger than life...oh, the memories! I listened as Jim's wife shook her head, mystified by a life not within her frame of reference. But it was so instantly clear to me. You had to have been there. Clint Jr. was an educated mechanical engineer...he showed what training, education and unlimited resources can do!

John Dabney and Clint, Jr. were raised to make money and take chances. They knew no mother to split their training should there have been disagreements. Instead, their values were instilled in an unusual manner—they learned them at their "father's knee."

Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson grew up together in Athens, Texas. Richardson did considerable business with Clint Sr. and spent many hours with him.

Clint Murchison's youth was not as spartan as H.L. Hunt's, but neither king was spared starting his ventures by the sweat of his brow. Clint and his friend Sid swapped stories about stock farming and trading hogs and cattle, while packing peaches for Sid's father. Clint was about fifteen years old when he "rode" the back of Sid, and both were photographed as part of the "proud East Texas Pea Packers. " The photograph proves that pea packing was not a glamorous job. All the young men are dressed in overalls and dirty tattered shirts.

Clint's father, J.W. Murchison, and his wife, Clara, first lived in Tyler, Texas, where Clint was born and baptized as Clinton Williams Murchison. Clara enjoyed life as a "social matron" until her father's fortunes were drained by the economic depression of the 1890s. J.W. had to move his family to Athens to take active part in running the general store his father-in-law had financed. In the book *Clint*, his secretary Ernestine Orrick Van Buren, states: "If not idyllic, growing up in Athens was a happy, uncomplicated experience, comfortably free from any kind of deprivation or want." While Clint attended Bruce Academy and later Trinity University, he only lasted in college three weeks before he left or was expelled when caught gambling.

His brothers had dubbed Clint the runt of the lot, but his bright mind and witty conversation made him a class leader. Clint and Sid hung around the cattle yards and horse sales studying the techniques of livestock trading. Clint eventually entered his father's banking business. Thus, he entered the oil business along with his lifelong friend, Sid, with sufficient capital to make their enterprises fun as well as aggressive ventures. They played on the competition of buyers of their leases, pitting one against the other. They marveled at the buyers bidding against each other, escalating their own profits.

Clint married Anne Bass, and for a wedding gift, gave her a sleek yellow Pierce Arrow. Face it, Clint had more class than his contemporary, H.L Hunt.

Anne lived only some eight years after her marriage to Clint. She bore him three children—John Dabney, Clint Jr. and Burk, who died at the age of eleven. He was only a baby when his mother died in San Antonio of a rare liver disease resembling hepatitis. Clint was reported to have been devastated; his sobs and wails were heard throughout the hospital. His sister, Mary, with help from his mother, helped him raise his two remaining sons, and he grew very close to them.

When the United States entered World War I, Clint got a "war contract" to sell East Texas pine. When the manpower shortage made it difficult to obtain enough laborers to cut timber, Clint reportedly went to San Antonia, rented three railroad coaches and put them on a siding. He invited hundreds of men he found wandering the streets to come aboard, saying "have some drinks, everything on the house." Late that night when his "guests" were asleep, the coaches were hitched to an engine. When his "guests" awoke, they were in East Texas. They had to "cut their way out of a forest" before they finished working for Clint. Sounds preposterous, but I don't put anything past the Texas kings.

Clint and Sid were "lease hounds." They got the news of oil strikes early, bought up the leases at low prices, and sold them when the market soared. They made enough to start drilling. By 1925 Clint was worth $6 million. After his wife, Anne, died Clint decided to retire and "ranch." However, he soon went back into the oil business as a kind of therapy. He didn't remarry until his sons, John and Clint Jr., were grown.

He and Murchison friends liked to hunt and fish in Mexico. Finally, he found Acuna, deep in the Tamaulpas Mountains. There were six haciendas on 75,000 acres. Clint put $10,000 down on the property with a two year option carrying a proviso that he would be able to build a road into the area. He hired an energetic young Texan, Howard Reed, just out of military service, to build the road. With the help of 250 laborers, the road was built in six months. Very little foreign materials were imported. Rock was dug out of the mountains, native woods were freely utilized. Clint, bringing in architects and other artisans, let Reed oversee the building of a commissary, a carpenter's shop and whatever else was needed for the construction of his main homes and other buildings. After all was done, Clint went into the cattle business as Reed's partner, cementing a relationship with a man he trusted.

In 1954, Sid Richardon told Time magazine that "Murchison is the kind of man who tells you, 'Here, hold this horse while I run and catch another one.' First thing you know, you've your your hands full of Murchison horses."

In East Texas, Clint organized the Koon Kreek Kids and threw a grand barbecue attended by oilmen, bankers and sportsmen the world over. The barbecue was near a huge oak tree, glassed in, and air conditioned. The farm Gladoaks was located north of Palestine, Texas.

He and new wife Ginny (born Virgina Long—the daughter of a banker) floated back and forth between the ranch, Acuna, and a massive home on North Preston Road in Dallas.

Murk, as he was called by some of his closest pals, was a schemer and a dreamer, and not all his dreams were meant to succeed. In 1961 he wrote John L. Rogers, Jr., who became president of the First National Bank of Athens: "It occurs to me that you should get a fertilizer contract from International or some other company of that stripe. Then it would be nice for you to have the Diesel Ford Agency so that you can tell all the farmers they won't have to walk any more."

H.L. Hunt and Clint Murchison had very little in common, but their social lives overlapped when both were engaged in 8F plans, gambling and their obsession with oil. While Clint sounds better educated and perhaps more sophisticated, they had striking similarities.

They had no use for persons not of wealth, they enjoyably shocked strangers; turning history around was nothing for them to shy away from. Oil and money came first. Madeleine writes about them together, along with other Dallas giants:

> "During lunch hours we saw our manipulative Great White Fathers heading for Loule's Oyster Bar on Ervay Street or Billy Hodges' Gun Shop where discussions effecting our beautiful city were made.
>
> For many years, dating to the days of President Roosevelt, Texas had gained a powerful foundation in our federal government operations because of its rich black gold.
>
> Before 1960, Clint Murchison and H.L. Hunt were convinced that the leading Democratic contender for the presidency was none other than Lyndon Johnson. Somehow, the oil giants overlooked the mighty Joseph Kennedy's Irish Mafia clan and the Mafia itself The 8F group had been gratified with Lyndon's performance in the Senate, particularly his stand on importation of foreign oil and the oil import bill that President Eisenhower had signed. Clint and Sid told Lyndon if he could get the support of Knowland of California, Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover, he could control the United States.
>
> On one occasion, Lyndon was talking about his faithful friend, Clint, telling me he had received a letter from Clint and to substantiate how much power Texas oil people wield:

January 20. 1958

The Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson
The United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Lyndon:

I have been doing quite a bit of thinking about the Near Eastern oil intrusion into the United States which is vitally affecting our markets for producers, refineries, and distributors all over the United States. It occurred to me two years ago to try to control this enormous influx of oil to the extent that it would prove beneficial to all parties concerned. I consulted with Secretary Humphrey about it at length, and his only question was where he would get the money. My thinking is that you could shut in the East Texas field and the Conroe field and provide storage facilities in those two fields to the extent of approximately three to five billion barrels of oil. In shutting in these fields it would also take away approximately 20,000 barrefs per day in the East Texas field, which actually would create a local shortage for oil. (These figures are based on twelve producing days per month and would vary according to the number of pro-rated days set out by the Railroad Commission. It is needless to tell you that in case of an all-out war the first thing which would happen to the United States would be an oil shortage. By putting 500,000 barrels per day in these storage areas, if the war could be held off long enough, it would suffice to build up our production in the most economical manner. I am sure a deal could be worked out with the major companies whereby they could take script for both their oil and their transportation at a lower price than is now being received in the open market. It goes without saying that if you give some income tax features to this idea all the major companies will get behind it very solidly, in my opinion.
If this merits any consideration in your thinking, I believe we could get the full collaboration of Bob Anderson in a project of this kind. My sincerest personal regards to Lady Bird.

Clint"

In later years, one Murchison biographer noted that Clint started most mornings with a 6 a.m. call to his friend Sid usually suggesting that they buy some venture or business together. However, slowed by several strokes, he filled his last days by dreaming of creating a new

breed of horses and other grand retirement schemes. He caused considerable problems to the Athens bank, which he regarded as some private checking account, whether he had any money there or not.

If Clint Murchison and H.L. Hunt didn't control the country, they thought they could, and founded their operations with no fear of interference from the government. They gave money to politicians and expected favors. During their lifetimes, the favors arrived abundantly, as promised. Their money bought anything they wanted, and, ultimately, they wanted to rid America of President John F. Kennedy.

The most unlikely person that one would expect them to bring into their scheme was Jack Ruby. But evidence indicates they did.

9

Jolly Jack

Jack Ruby hardly seems to fit in Dallas, but oddly enough, he did. Madeleine Brown remembers that "a couple of weeks before the assassination...

> It was half-past 2:00 p.m. when Larry Buchanan, creative director of our agency, buzzed me on the intercom. 'Come on and go with me to Ruby's—we need to have a brain session for Southland Life Insurance (one of the agency's political accounts). Joe Josephson just called and said they are releasing some big bucks for their new ad campaign. 'Hearts of Gold.' Who knows? We may pick up some underground news. Jack can inform us who has paid their dues so we will know where we can safely gamble.'
>
> It was common knowledge that Jack Ruby knew every goin' ons' in 'Big D.' Even more so, Jack was a gracious host and a barrel of fun to be around. Although the club was closed to the public until 7:30 p.m., he would greet us with his warm smile. 'Come on in, you classy guys.'
>
> In front of the well known newspaper and magazine store known as 'Commerce Street,' we ran into Dallas Police Captain Batchelor, Mayor Earle Cabell and H.L. Hunt, the big daddy of Dallas and the rich 8F group. After exchanging greetings, H.L. extended an invitation to the upcoming John Birch Society meeting he was about to host at his lovely Mt. Vernon home (the White House of Texas o verlooking scenic White Rock Lake). 'You'll miss out on some important messages if you don't come!' We assured him we would be there and continued on a block and a half to Jack Ruby's Carousel Club.
>
> Larry chuckled and said. 'You know what the conversation will be about?'

'Yeah,' I replied, 'President Kennedy and the miserable mistakes H.L thinks he has made... and of course. the oil depletion crisis. That's all you hear when you are around H.L. and Clint.'
Larry continued talking about the 1963 World Petroleum Congress meeting and Austin lawyer, Charles Herring, Lyndon's long time friend and business associate. (Herring, in earlier years, had represented Jack Halfen, a Houston businessman and also a friend of Lyndon's, over IRS difficulties.) Carlos Marcello, the New Orleans Mafia man, was an ally of Halfen's and coordinated the organized crime syndicate in Texas.

Sure enough, Jack Ruby met us with, 'You classy guys, come on in-it's colder than a well digger's ass in Alaska.'

My teeth were still chattering when Jack handed me an ol' Southern peach brandy hot toddy. the kind that if it doesn't make you warm up-will make you feel good.

Andrew, the porter. was busy cleaning up the club. making it ready for the Wally Weston and Chari Angel (Bobby Lou) Show, that was sweeping Dallas. It was always a contest between Jack and Abe Weinstein, the owner of next door's Colony Club, as to who could provide the best entertainment. Abe had recently employed a beautiful young girl named Beverly Oliver and she was generating lots of applause.

It was during this time that we saw a man later identified as Lee Harvey Oswald (or his lookalike—a Dallas policeman) in deep conversation with Jack Ruby. All the so called 'insiders' knew about Ruby's involvement with Dallas' organized crime which had been in operation since the early 40s. Jack's main activity was a gun-running operation to Cuba.

Often we told Jack that he was going to get 'wasted; for doing such things, particularly playing with bad boys. His reply would be. 'You goin' to catch me?' We knew enough not to carry the conversation any further. Actually, since Dallas operated so "wide open," Ruby's activities probably would have been overlooked, had he not become a key figure in history.

We had been at the club an hour or so when Jack came over to our table waving a map of President Kennedy's motorcade route for his planned parade through Dallas. In fact Ruby had specific knowledge of the President's entire Texas trip. It was a tight schedule covering San Antonio. Houston. Fort Worth, Dallas, and Austin.

'You know what this is?' Jack was waving the map in our faces!

I was a little shocked and stunned that Jack would have this type of secret information, but again we always called him P.C. (Privileged Character). Lightly brushing the incident off we smiled and said. 'No question about it Jack, you do hob-nob with the people in the know.'

Jack began angrily, 'By damn, some of our Democrats here are telling Kennedy, 'Don't come to Dallas.' Ol' Barefoot Sanders has told him to scrub the Dallas visit—the climate ain't good here. Even that Mexican guy in San Antonio—I forget his name-said, 'Don't come to Texas.'

We refreshed Jack's memory and told him it was Henry Gonzales.

Jack continued, 'Hell I'm not one of them smart 'Big Guys,' but I do know two and two makes four. Some of these 'Biggies' will have Kennedy's head blown off. 'Cheeze, these jocks will shoot you, then ask questions later. Can't that Kennedy figure that out?'

Larry and I didn't say a word."

In more recent years, Dallas reporters and editors patiently waited until the FBI released its report on Jack Ruby. Many had thought he was crazy, but others were not so sure. When contacted by the *Dallas Morning News*, Bill Alexander, by then a private Dallas attorney, dismissed the records by saying, "You take a bunch of Yankees and send them down here where they can't find the post office with a Seeing Eye Dog. They don't know anything. Every time they talk to somebody they spend three minutes and then spend three hours writing about it."

Steve McGonigle, Dallas Morning News reporter, didn't find the voluminous report to be that simple. "In short," he wrote, "the FBI files are a portrait of an enigma." His story was headlined "Jack Ruby's Dallas" with a subhead which read: "FBI files vividly show 'underbelly' of Dallas." It was unsettling. The FBI had found out more about Jack Rubenstein than Dallas wanted to know. McGonigle's first words were: "Snap-brim fedoras and snub-nose .38s. Candy Barr and Chicken Louie. One dollar setups and $10 assault fines. Sol's Turf Bar and Egyptian Lounge. The Carousel Club—pieces of the mosaic that was Jack Ruby's Dallas."

It wasn't supposed to be that way; Jack Ruby was just a nobody. But facts prove otherwise.

Behind the persona of "Jolly Jack," was a crime world figure who committed more illegal acts than just kill Lee Oswald to keep Jackie from having to come back to Dallas to testify. I feel sure that Ruby, with wide knowledge of the Dallas court system, had heard of depositions. And to his credit, after he went to jail, he tried to tell the Warren Commission about the gun running, crime figures and we can only guess at what more. But they wouldn't let him.

The FBI focused on Abe Weinstein, owner of The Colony Club, and Carl "Pappy" Dolson and Candy Barr. McGonigle noted that "their work produced a twisted trail. It touched the downtown offices of oil moguls Clint Murchison and H.L.Hunt, along with Phil's Delicatessen and Lucas B&B Restaurant in Oak Lawn. the FBI noted that Nancy Perrin, a prostitute with a nervous disorder (wrote McGonigle) swore that she attended a secret meeting with Ruby to discuss smuggling Enfield rifles from Mexico to Castro's Cuba. Bobby Gene Moore remembered Ruby as a frequent visitor to the import business of Joe Civello, the lone Dallas delegate to the 1957 mobster conference in Appalachia, N.Y. in 1957. Civello, a middleman in theories that the Mafia murdered Kennedy to get back at Robert, said he hadn't seen Ruby in several years. That witness has a police record for perjury and conspiracy to thwart a federal investigation. He blasted an "associate" with a sawed-off shotgun but was acquitted of murder. Old friend Lewis McWillie dismissed Ruby by saying that he was "nuts."

Among the names cited by the FBI as being linked to Ruby were:

- R.D. Matthews, a one-eyed felon who reputedly murdered several men
- Jack Todd, who once boarded an airliner carrying nitroglycerin
- Joseph Locurto, alias Joe Bonds, a convicted child rapist
- Louie Ferrantello, a Lakewood (the part of Dallas where I first lived) gambler shot to death by a preacher's pregnant daughter
- Local gangster Lois Green, who died years earlier from gun fire
- Herbert "The Cat"" Noble, killed by several sticks of dynamite

Gamblers cited included:

- Joe Campisi, owner of the Egyptian Lounge
- Carlos "little man" Marcello
- Benny Bickers, owner of the University Club on Commerce
- Lester "Benny" Binion
- Lewis McWillie

The FBI tried to discover whether Ruby was homosexual or heterosexual and since they found he was well known as a womanizer and in the gay community, found their search "inconclusive." Apparently the FBI had not heard of bisexuality. They should have asked their Director.

Ruby socked customers who offended him and threw them down the stairs to amuse his guests. He gave away razor blades to entice paying customers (which must disappoint self-styled researchers who carry "Carousel Club cards" as a symbol of status). He sold (or tried to sell) a tilting board his brother had perfected, and showed it off to the *Dallas Times Herald* composing room crew at 4 a.m. the morning after the assassination. Reports are that he had a blank "Times Herald" press card on his person after shooting Oswald.

Billl DeMarr, the ventriloquist, said he had sighted Oswald at the Carousel. So did Madeleine Brown, but she now believes it was a "look-alike." (She tries to tell the truth to the best of her ability, which is most appreciated.)

The FBI transferred 79,000 documents to the assassination review board where it is unlikely the most damning will never surface.

Almost amusing was the "interview" given by Frank "Butch" Loverde, a mob-connected Chicago strip club owner. Loverde said, "Look at it our way," he said, "It's not logical to send a guy in to hit a guy who's stood up (under questioning) for 24 hours. You know you can trust a guy who's stood up for 24 hours." Why do I not find Loverde convincing? Lee Oswald didn't like being in captivity; he had just been doing his job, whatever that was. It was unlikely he had shot the President. Even Chief Curry said it was not an air tight case. Oswald was trying to get to John Abt, New York lawyer and Communist sympathizer to represent him, and likely would have, had he lived another day or two. Ruby didn't want to shoot Oswald; he called everyone he could think of to tip the police off, but his friends were as disinterested in his tip as the Warren Commission was to hear me say that Dr. Perry said the neck wound was an entrance wound. So Ruby did what he had to do, after I believe he thought Oswald was going to be spirited out of town (and so did Oswald).

It is difficult to believe that Ruby didn't know Oswald. There was the motorcade route he waved around ten days before, the glance and tight smile Oswald shot at him. So Ruby lunged, yelling that he had to do it—"no one else would do it."

According to police witnesses, Ruby had a difficult time in his jail cell, smoking and sweating, until he was told that Oswald was dead. Then he relaxed...everything was okay.

That is, until his carpeted jail cell and catered meals grew boring, and Jolly Jack became ill. Reports have held that Ruby had prostate cancer before he entered jail, and it could easily have been a pre-existing condition, but exactly when it was detected has not been explained. And why did he not receive surgery after doctors were visiting his jail cell regularly? Obviously current chemotherapy did not exist in the 1960s, but surgery was popular. It is difficult to believe Ruby's claim that doctors were injecting him with cancer cells; it is easy to see they did nothing to save his life. When Jack Ruby entered Parkland Hospital on his death bed, another cover-up was buried. Of course, he left a faint voiced tape recording made by his brother, but by then he was convinced (possibily at his brother's urging) that it would be better to die a misguided hero than a whistle blower. It took many gyrations for the District Attorney's office, the FBI, and the Warren Commission to avoid hearing from Jack Ruby, but again, it worked out for the controllers, both in Dallas and in the White House.

10

Blood and Red Roses

We all have our perceptions and memories that color our viewpoints. Madeleine Brown vividly remembers being at the Dallas Gun Club two or three days before the assassination. With a feeling of foreboding, she saw Malcom (Mac) Wallace firing round after round, coldly, emotionlessly. Madeleine knew that Wallace was a killer. Who in Dallas, who kept up with the news, didn't? He shot a man on the golf course, held a press conference the next day, had a trial and received a five years' suspended sentence. Madeleine watched Wallace shoot in Austin and Dallas and in her opinion, he was "the best." She shot skeet and trap. "They were games," she says, and she didn't do much shooting with rifles. Shotguns were her choice.

Madeleine thought Wallace was living in California at the time, but some say he lived in Dallas. Mac Wallace had been placed in Dealey Plaza by writers Glen Sample and Mark Collom in their book *The Men on the Sixth Floor*. Sample and Collom spent several years attempting to verify the story of Loy Factor, an Oklahoma Native American, who confessed to them that he was on the sixth floor with a "Ruth Ann," Mac Wallace and Lee Oswald. Wallace wasn't likely to have been known by Factor except by unuual circumstance. He, like all Americans, would more likely have been able to identify Oswald by news reports, radio and television. Factor claimed to have been first recruited when he and his wife were in Bonham for Sam Rayburn's funeral. There he was approached by Wallace, the authors say, and with some reluctance, agreed to entertain assisting as a "back up shooter" in Dallas. Sample's little book is interesting, and a second edition with added material should be available soon.

Added circumstantial evidence has been supplied by Madeleine Brown, who was interviewed by the men. After thinking their story over, she asked her good friend, Billie Sol Estes, if he went to Sam Rayburn's funeral. He said yes, and she asked who he went with. His answer: "Mac Wallace." She said, "Did you see that Indian?" Billie Sol answered, "You mean Loy Factor?" Ding! Think that over. Read Samples' book for yourself. It must be mentioned, however, that Factor never admitted shooting, insisting that he and "Ruth Ann" ran down the stairs and out the back door before shots were fired. His description of the book

building's layout and loading dock were correct, but that is another fact that could arise from reasons not associated with the assassination.

Most eye witnesses that day gave varying descriptions of men in the building, and everyone saw the African American men on the fifth floor, looking upward. But after that the picture goes fuzzy. There are however, some facts, and many suggestions which are good subject matter, especially for new researchers who aren't committed to such theories as Kennedy's airborne body being surgically altered, or that Jackie Kennedy ordered her husband killed (a claim that ex-CIA agents have made).

I insist that one eye witness can be trusted—Bob Jackson. He had been in military service, had twenty-twenty vision, and never shot any out-of-focus photos that I ever saw, and I saw hundreds. Literally. During my time at the Times Herald, he did most of my home furnishings photo shoots. Bob was in the eighth car of the motorcade and saw the gun barrel outside the window, drawn back in, normally. Another author, Craig Roberts, now feels sure that one shot was made from the sixth floor window (based on his study of the shells). It all fits. There was a gun in the sixth floor window. I *believe* that one of the shots came from that gun. Whether it hit anything is another question. I don't have the answer and neither does anyone else. But there is added evidence since I wrote *Secrets from the Sixth Floor Window* in 1994.

Bob said the man (whose body or form he couldn't see) was either sitting or squatting. That knocks Howard Brennan off his perch, as he claimed to see a man looking like Oswald from behind the dirty window pane. Frankly, Oswald is not likely to have shot from the window, there just wasn't enough time. And Carolyn Arnold claims to have seen him sitting in the second floor lunch room at 12:30 just as he told Captain Fritz. Her statement was not written as she said she gave it, which is not surprising. The DPD was worried about the time required to get downstairs, since Officer Marion Baker saw him on the second floor at close to that time. Thinking it over, Baker decided to cross out "drinking a coke" and leave his statement that Oswald had a coke. That snap of a bottle cap just took too much time. Now there are reports that Roy Truly reported on that Friday that he first saw Oswald sitting in a booth on the second floor with a lunch sack. *Let's get those stories straight!*

One scenario is a contribution which has been available for over thirty years, but was virtually ignored. The source is Madeleine Brown who watched a valuable enactment take place within the year after the assassination. As a member of the Dallas Gun Club, she knew members of the Winchester Gun Club (fans of Winchester rifles). The reenactment was led by her "husband of convenience" C.G. West. Others included were Bill Marton, Warren Pinwell, Jim Long, Fred Alford, Bill McCoy and Jeff Osburne. The group of accomplished riflemen were concerned about the alleged firing of three shots from the sixth floor window and decided

to do their own investigation. The exercise was carried our over the three or four weeks following the assassination. Each man tried test shots from the window and buildings, first using their trusty rifles, and finally with cheap bolt action guns. They first tried shots aimed from the sixth floor window and found it impossible. Scratch that theory! Then putting their good minds together, they spent considerable time placing possible shooters, in pairs, at three locations, atop the Records building, on the railroad trestle, from the Dal-Tex building, atop the TSBD and behind the picket fence. As Madeleine said, "They worked with precision, doing trajectory drawings and ballistics reports. At first each had his own opinion, but they were sincere in their efforts and came to agreements all could support with good conscience." Satisfied with their efforts, the group attempted to get the information to the Warren Commission. Madeleine believes that they first contacted Jesse Kellam, LBJ's friend, who most certainly knew that they would be ignored, but direct contacts with the commission were also dismissed.

James Files has most recently confessed to the shooting of Kennedy, but there have been others, and will probably be more. Another sickening fact is that the more heinous the crime, the more some "sick" people want to be part of it. The late Joe West, a decective from Houston, first promoted Roscoe White and later replaced him with James Files, Madeleine remembers.

> Theodore White, in his Life magazine article "Camelot" quoted Jackie as saying, "Everytime we got off the plane that day, three times they gave me the yellow roses of Texas. But in Dallas, they gave me red roses and I thought, how funny, red roses, so all the seat was full of blood and red roses."

11

The Vast Estes Empire

If Madeleine Brown and I had our way, Billie Sol Estes, his wife, children and grandchildren would be set up in the grandest penthouse in Abilene at taxpayers expense. I would even station Texas sharpshooters on the roof with Uzis to assure his safety. After all, we pay for round-the-clock armed protection of the Russian embassy on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C. Twenty years ago, I watched American soldiers with guns at ready atop the Pentagon when the "Poor People" and supporters marched on Washington. Five thousand troops cooled their heels in the basement along with tanks gassed up and ready, lest "trouble break out." All that happened was Black people sitting on the grass, eating fried chicken or other picnic food. Young white couples with children in early-day back slings, chilled out and smoked pot while speaches were made. America showed it could protect us from ourselves.

In the interest of national security, we should let Billie Sol Estes tell the story he offered to tell, as described in the following letter from Douglas Caddy. Other letters from LBJ and Cliff Carter belie their claims (made too late), that they hardly knew Billie Sol.

DOUGLAS CADDY
Attorney-at-Law
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Houston, Texas 77074
(713) 981-4005

August 9, 1984

Mr. Stephen S. Trott
Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C. 20530

RE: Mr. Billie Sol Estes

Dear Mr. Trott:

My client, Mr. Estes, has authorized me to make this reply to your letter of May 29, 1984.

Mr. Estes was a member of a four-member group, headed by Lyndon Johnson, which committed criminal acts in Texas in the 1960's. The other two, besides Mr. Estes and LBJ, were Cliff Carter and Mack Wallace. Mr. Estes is willing to disclose his knowledge concerning the following criminal offenses:

I. Murders
   1. The Killing of Henry Marshall
   2. The Killing of George Krutilek
   3. The Killing of Ike Rogers and his secretary
   4. The Killing of Harold Orr
   5. The Killing of Coleman Wade
   6. The Killing of Josefa Johnson
   7. The Killing of John Kinser
   8. The Killing of President J. F. Kennedy

Mr. Estes is willing to testify that LBJ ordered these killings, and that he transmitted his orders through Cliff Carter to Mack Wallace, who executed the murders. In the cases of murders nos. 1-7, Mr. Estes' knowledge of the precise details concerning the way the murders were executed stems from conversations he had shortly after each event with Cliff Carter and Mack Wallace.

In addition, a short time after Mr. Estes was released from prison in 1971, he met with Cliff Carter and they reminisced about what had occurred in the past, including the murders. During their conversation, Carter orally compiled a list of 17 murders which had been committed, some of which Mr. Estes was unfamiliar. A living witness was present at that meeting and

should be willing to testify about it. He is Mr. Kyle Brown, recently of Houston and now living in Brady, Texas.

Mr. Estes states that Mack Wallace, whom he describes as a "stone killer" with a communist background, recruited Jack Ruby, who in turn recruited Lee Harvey Oswald. Mr. Estes says that Cliff Carter told him that Mack Wallace fired a shot from the grassy knoll in Dallas, which hit JFK from the front during the assassination.

Mr. Estes declares that Cliff Carter told him the day Kennedy was killed, Fidel Castro also was supposed to be assassinated and that Robert Kennedy, awaiting word of Castro's death, instead received news of his brother's killing.

Mr. Estes says that the Mafia did not participate in the Kennedy assassination but that its possible participation was discussed prior to the event, but rejected by LBJ, who believed if the Mafia were involved, he would never be out from under its blackmail.

Mr. Estes asserts that Mr. Ronnie Clark, of Wichita, Kansas, has attempted on several occasions to engage him in conversation. Mr. Clark, who is a frequent visitor to Las Vegas, has indicated in these conversations a detailed knowledge corresponding to Mr. Estes' knowledge of the JFK assassination. Mr. Clark claims to have met with Mr. Jack Ruby a few days prior to the assassination, at which time Kennedy's planned murder was discussed.

Mr. Estes declares that discussions were had with Jimmy Hoffa concerning having his aide, Larry Cabell, kill Robert Kennedy while the latter drove around in his convertible.

Mr. Estes has records of his phone calls during the relevant years to key persons mentioned in the foregoing account.

II. The Illegal Cotton Allotments

Mr. Estes desires to discuss the infamous illegal cotton allotment schemes in great detail. He has tape recordings made at the time of LBJ, Cliff Carter and himself discussing the scheme. These recordings were made with Cliff Carter's knowledge as a means of Carter and Estes protecting themselves should LBJ order their deaths.

Mr. Estes believes these tape recordings and the rumors of other recordings allegedly in his possession are the reason he has not been murdered.

III. Illegal Payoffs

Mr. Estes is willing to disclose illegal payoff schemes, in which he collected and passed on to Cliff Carter and LBJ millions of dollars. Mr. Estes collected payoff money on more than one occasion from George and Herman Brown of Brown and Root, which was delivered to LBJ.

In your letter of May 29, 1984, you request "(1) the information, including the extent of corroborative evidence, that Mr. Estes has about each of the events that may be violations of criminal law; (2) the sources of his information, and (3) the extent of his involvement, if any, in each of those events or any subsequent cover-ups."

In connection with Item #1, I wish to declare, as Mr. Estes' attorney, that Mr. Estes is prepared without reservation to provide all the information he has. Most of the information contained in this letter I obtained from him yesterday for the first time. While Mr. Estes has been pre-occupied by this knowledge almost every day for the last 22 years, it was not until we began talking yesterday that he could face up to disclosing it to another person. My impression from our conversation yesterday is that Mr. Estes, in the proper setting, will be able to recall and orally recount a vast and detailed body of information about these criminal matters. It is also my impression that his interrogation in such a setting will elicit additional corroborative evidence as his memory is stimulated.

In connection with your Item #2, Mr. Estes has attempted in this letter to provide his sources of information.

In connection with your Item #3, Mr. Estes states that he never participated in any of the murders. It may be alleged that he participated in subsequent cover-ups. His response to this is that had he conducted himself any differently, he, too, would have been a murder victim.

Mr. Estes wishes to confirm that he will abide by the conditions set forth in your letter and that he plans to act with total honesty and candor in any dealings with the Department of Justice or any federal investigative agency.

In return for his cooperation, Mr. Estes wishes in exchange his being given immunity, his parole restrictions being lifted and favorable consideration being given to recommending his long-standing tax liens being removed and his obtaining a pardon.

Sincerely yours,

Douglas Caddy

Douglas Caddy

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

August 16, 1961

Dear Friend:

Summertime means a lots of things -- not the least of which is ripe, delicious Pecos cantaloupe.

Many, many thanks for your thoughtfulness.

I am grateful.

Sincerely,

Lyndon B. Johnson

Mr. Billy Sol Estes
Pecos, Texas

104

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

January 23, 1962

Dear Billie Sol:

Let me say again how wonderful it was of you to think of me at Christmas. Pecos has carved a niche for itself -- at least so far as I am concerned -- by the quality of its products.

Many, many thanks, my friend.

It was good to get a chance to see you this weekend and I'm so glad you could take the time to come out for a visit with Lady Bird and me.

Sincerely,

Lyndon B. Johnson

Mr. Billie Sol Estes
Pecos, Texas

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
TEXAS

STATE OFFICE:
[redacted]

United States Senate
Office of the Democratic Leader
Washington, D. C.

414 Varisco Bldg.
Bryan, Texas

5/22

Billy Sol —

Just a quick note to say it sure was a pleasure getting to see you on Tuesday. Too, we appreciate so much the help you are extending on the Senatorial film clips. I have written them today of your assistance.

Please call on us when we can be of service.

Sincerely,
Lyndon

Of interest in 1996 is that Billie Sol, an old and dear friend of Madeleine Brown, began contacting Marina Oswald Porter by telephone, after receiving her number from Madeleine. Marina and Madeleine have a common interest, and have talked from time to time. After receiving her first calls from Billie Sol, Marina contacted Madeleine. She said that all Billie Sol says to her is "I'm sorry...I'm so very sorry."

In *Texas in the Morning*, Madeleine Brown writes:

" With magical ease (at least in Texas) the very name of Billie Sol Estes conjured up images of money, multiple murders and the madness of a witch hunt. How did such a basically kind, generous, religious and good man inflame the evil passions that ran amok in Texas and Washington, D. C.? Why was Billie Sol and his lovely family destroyed by powerful, devious men? The answers began unfolding along with "cloak and dagger" rumors that President Kennedy and Attorney General Robert Kennedy would dump Lyndon from the '64 ticket. Both the President and Attorney General saw an opportunity to publicly humiliate Lyndon forever when Billie Sol's financial entanglement involving the United States Agriculture Department caused the largest scandal in Texas history. Kennedy, seizing a golden opportunity, ordered an "investigation" (witch hunt) and the Justice Department sent in seventy-six FBI agents to investigate one millionaire.

Billie Sol, with only twenty-eight thousand dollars in his pocket after moving to the dusty West Texas desert town of Pecos, had become, in a ridiculously short time, one of the wealthiest men in the Lone Star state. With his cash-on-hand, Billie Sol bought cheap land. Then by simple irrigation, doubled its productivity and hence its value. Pecos' farmer had tried irrigation before, but the high cost of electricity to run the pumps proved insurmountable. Yet with singular elegance, Billie Sol located the nearest natural gas pipeline and formulated the plan to get it extended to the Pecos' area so that irrigation pumps could be driven by much less expensive natural gas.

Using his own natural management style and marketing ability, coupled with favoritism and resources from the U. S. Agriculture Department, his personal friendship and association with Lyndon and Cliff Carter, Jack Puterbaugh, and Orville Freeman, Billie Sol gained first-hand knowledge on the "inside" government operations of the Cotton Allotment Program. Billie Sol skillfully used this information to achieve the best possible development of the West Texas desert soil. His drive, sincere manner, and imagination were his major assets. Eventually, he caused the deserts to bloom in fruitful abundance, fueling a massive shot of money into the Texas agricultural economy.

The Jet Set called him the "King of the Texas Wheeler-Dealers" and everyone respected him as a wizard of financial enterprise. He was a

pillar of his church, the benefactor of people down on their luck—making sure the homeless had a roof over their heads, the hungry had a sack of groceries, and the children an education. Billie Sol was indeed, in character, much like my dear father George, my son Steven, and grandfather Lee, always displaying loving, tender care for all mankind, especially the needy.

Jesse told me that Lyndon had requested Billie Sol to meet with him at the Driskill along with Cliff Carter, Lyndon's hatchet man in Washington, Puterbaugh, and Freeman, in the early cold spring of 1961. As they were approaching an intersection near the Driskill, they came upon a blind beggar with outstretched hands holding a rusted tin cup. Billie Sol reached deep into his pocket and filled to overflowing the beggar's cup with sizable bills. Jesse, in a disapproving voice said, "Hey, don't do that. He's richer than all of us together. He owns a big ranch in South Texas."

With his usual warm smile and fingers pointing to his eyes, Billie Sol in a compassion-tinged voice exclaimed, "You're so very wrong, Jesse, he could have all the capital in the world and we all would be richer by far—we can see the sun, the moon and the stars!"

On one occasion, before joining Lyndon in his suite, I met briefly with Jesse in his office where I negotiated a contract for our client, Southland Life Insurance Company. As I left his office, I caught a glimpse of Lyndon and Mac Wallace, heads together in one of the KTBC executive suites. (I would often see Lyndon, Cliff Carter, Mac Wallace, Jerome Ragsdale and Jesse Kellam together in the KTBC executive offices.) Noting the cold look in Lyndon's eyes, sadness overcame me as I remembered the John Kinser murder on the golf course in Austin. My morbid curiosity was aroused about whose life and which political issue was at stake.

As I opened the door to Lyndon's suite, I found a note giving me instructions to "make myself comfortable" while I waited for his arrival. Lyndon's seemed extremely tense when he arrived and perfunctorily said, "Shit, Madeleine, we don't have time to play with the string of pearls or any of our toys—but, when I return in a couple of weeks, we'll have one hell of a party."

Kiddingly, I said, "Sandow, Jack Benny must be waiting for you."

However, our fast and furious fifteen minutes did absolute wonders for both of us. Lyndon left looking a relaxed, smiling and confident man.

Immediately after my Austin trip, Billie Sol's scandal began to mushroom. With slight-of-hand maneuvering he had convinced prosperous farmers on the Cotton Allotment Program and tank manufacturing companies into a complicated sale-and-lease-back arrangement so he could raise more capital for his snowballing enterprise. His own capital was exhausted, so he started using the

farmer's credit to enable the tank companies to get mortgages from finance companies for a 10% fee.

Jesse told me he didn't understand why everyone in Washington was so upset. Sid Richardson, Clint Murchison and H. L. Hunt were always wheeling and dealing along similar lines. Sid made his and Mr. Sam's protégé, Robert Anderson (an aid to Eisenhower who was being groomed to be vice president), a millionaire by a phony deal which permitted him to buy oil stock for a dollar a share and then sell it for a profit of almost a million dollars. H. L. and the others entertained us often about similar deals. No one ever got upset and certainly there wasn't a government investigation. However, when Henry Marshall, the U. S. Agriculture official, started investigating Billie Sol, mayhem and murders started popping up overnight.

On June 3, 1961, one Henry Marshall was found dead on a remote section of his farm near Franklin, Texas, shortly before his investigation became public. His death was ruled a suicide (without an autopsy—even though the family requested one), despite the fact that he had been shot in the abdomen five times with a single shot bolt action rifle clearly an improbable suicide, but a probable murder.

Meanwhile I flew to Washington with my dear friends, Earle and Dearie Cabell, to celebrate John Kennedy's glittering birthday on May 27, 1961. Plates were one thousand dollars apiece. And it turned out to be an Alice in Wonderland experience that I shall always remember.

After Mr. Sam's demise, Billie Sol got the word that his allotments had been canceled. He immediately contacted Clifton Carter and East Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough and then flew to Washington in early 1962. The outcome of that meeting was that the cancellation of Billie Sol's allotments was overturned and they were quickly reinstated.

It is still difficult to believe that almost a year later, Billie Sol was in jail in lieu of a half-a-million dollar bond; grand jury charges were prepared; suits and countersuits were filed. Senator Yarborough and other politicians were anxiously scanning every news release; Lyndon was discreetly silent. Federal agricultural authorities began investigating as to whether the millions of bushels in government grain in Billie Sol's storage were intact.

Among the most important of the many-sided Billie Sol Estes enterprises was his anhydrous ammonia fertilizer business which, with rigorously competitive procedures, he was building into a virtual West Texas monopoly.

Then Robert E. Manuel, counsel for the minority Republicans on the House Subcommittee conducting the investigations, grew impatient with the closed hearings and cover-up procedures and "leaked" a 175-page Agriculture Department report on Billie Sol's cotton allotments. It incorporated the work of the late Henry Marshall, who was, the papers

casually reported, shot to death while investigating Billie Sol's acquisition of extensive cotton allotments.

Manuel revealed that when Billie Sol was in Washington in January, he had pressured Carl J. Miller, an Agriculture Department employee, by invoking the names and influence of Lyndon and Clifton Carter. For such improper and embarrassing conduct, the Democratic-dominated House committee at once fired Counsel Manuel.

But when Manuel "leaked" the sculpted Agriculture report with the results of Marshall's investigation, he fanned the fires of suspicion smoldering in Texas. Already many were asking: "Did Marshall really commit suicide?"

On the night of April 4, 1962, at the western end of Texas, a rancher came upon the body of George Krutilek in the sandhills near the town of Clint, slumped in his car with a hose from his exhaust stuck in the window. He had been dead for several days and the El Paso County pathologist, Dr. Frederick Bornstein, held that he certainly did not die from carbon monoxide poisoning.

Krutilek was a forty-nine-year-old certified public accountant who had undergone grilling by FBI agents on April 2, the day after Billie Sol's arrest. The investigation concerned the Billie Sol affair. Krutilek had worked for Estes and had been the recipient of his favors, but he was never seen or heard of again after the FBI grilling until his badly decomposed body was found.

On May 18, 1962, at Bryan, Texas, District Judge John Barron ordered a grand jury probe into "the mystery death" of Henry Marshall, "to clear the clouds connecting this with the Billie Sol Estes case . . . " and indicated that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, former governor of Minnesota, would be called to testify, particularly in view of his public statement on May 7 that "much of Billie Sol's case was cloudy because many of the facts died with Marshall."

Marshall's body was exhumed and for days pathologists, doctors and scientists tested, sifted and analyzed the findings. They discovered enough carbon monoxide in Marshall's lungs to have incapacitated him, which was strange since his body was not found in his pick-up truck. A blow on his head was likewise serious enough to have incapacitated him. The single shot bolt-action .22 caliber rifle, which he would have had to hold at arm's length, with the bolt operated by hand after each shot, was found at the scene. Five shots had entered the body from the front. One severed his aorta near the heart, another penetrated his liver and another had gone through his lung, any one of which could have been fatal.

For anyone who knows guns, the conclusion of murder was inescapable. But after almost two weeks, the Texas grand jury, impaneled with twelve "good men and true" . . ."were unable to agree" on whether or not Marshall's death was a murder or a suicide. Billie Sol

told me years later that he believed that someone was deliberately placed on the jury to "hang it," to prevent a forthright honest verdict. Whatever the reason, the verdict stunned the entire state of Texas as the Mac Wallace murder case in Austin had ten years earlier.

[In March of 1984, Clint Peoples, U. S. Marshal, encouraged Billie Sol to come forward after twenty-three years of wondering about Marshall's death. Billie Sol testified with immunity from prosecution before a grand jury that he had attended at least three meetings with Lyndon—two in Washington and one at the Driskill Hotel—during which they discussed the need to "stop Marshall from disclosing Estes' fraudulent business dealings and his ties with Johnson." Billie Sol wanted to clear his conscience about Marshall's death and named Malcolm "Mac" Wallace as the triggerman.]

Billie Sol's now desperate circumstances forced him to file for bankruptcy, causing a host of creditors and mortgages to descend on the Federal Court in El Paso to file their claims. No one in power would help him. Bankruptcy proceedings were filed against Estes on April 6 and he was adjudged bankrupt, July 13, 1962, after which J. C. Williamson moved at once to recover his properties. But trustee Harry Moore had already taken over in order to receive the monthly payments on government grain. He refused to surrender possession. Through Judge Tomason's court, Williamson pleaded in vain for relief, in keeping with his contract.

Significantly this approach to Williamson seemed to have been one of the first steps by Morris Jaffe, Vice President Johnson's warm friend, to move in on the Estes empire. A year later, in June 1963, with J. C. Williamson practically converted to the conservative cause, his splendid installation at Plainview was taken over by Jaffe's American Grain Corporation at "what was against it"—a drastically reduced note for just over $418,000 at the Midland National bank, Midland, Texas.

Meanwhile, Morris Jaffe took over—the newspaper generously said "bought"—the still vast and valuable Billie Sol Estes assets. "The news" that Jaffe, a "San Antonio businessman," had offered $7 million for them broke in the summer of 1962 and it soon developed that the fine hand of Walter Heller—through his lawyers, Henry Strasburger of Dallas and Greenberg and Schimberg of Chicago —was playing an important if not dominant role—as well it might with seven million at stake, with Commercial Solvents in the favorable position of holding a lien on the principal assets. Thus Commercial Solvents was a key party in the business. It too turned out to be prudent and progressive. With the support of these two big outfits (Walter Heller and Commercial Solvents) and with hidden political influence to spare, Jaffe took possession of Billie Sol's assets, thousands of acres of the best Pecos irrigated land, ranch holdings and the multi-million dollar grain complex.

The conclusion is inescapable that the Johnson-controlled political machine in Texas designedly set the stage for Jaffe's take-over, as the cleanup was without financial risk.

The selection of the Austin firm of Cofer and Cofer to represent Billie Sol's defense was at the insistence of Lyndon. The subsequent mishandling of the defense by John Cofer, Billie Sol believes, was more the result of Cofer's efforts to protect Lyndon rather than incompetence.

Cofer was a long-term confidant and representative of Lyndon. Their relationship went all the way back to Lyndon's first election to the U. S. Senate in 1948. It was Cofer who represented Lyndon on the notorious "Box 13" voter fraud case and Malcolm "Mac" Wallace at his celebrated murder trial in 1952.

Some three weeks before his first trial, Billie Sol, impetuous, emotional and still the born promoter, told me that he had conceived the idea that he could absolve himself by going on the stand and telling the whole truth about everything and everybody. But Cofer vehemently disagreed. Billie Sol then decided to fire Cofer and hire another attorney, the liberal lawyer, Warren Burnett of Odessa, for a fee of $30,000. However, Cofer refused to be fired. He had already been paid $85,000 by "someone else" and he was adamant against spreading the web of truth through confession.

Billie Sol was confused about the tactics that Cofer used during both the El Paso and Tyler trials. No witnesses took the stand. He was reminded that this was Cofer's trial strategy and this was how he obtained Mac Wallace's suspended sentence. However, Billie Sol felt that this was done to make sure there was no opportunity of implicating Lyndon during any testimony or cross-examination. I do not believe that Lyndon wanted Billie Sol convicted, but it was Lyndon's only way out.

Again in a case connected with Billie Sol, carbon monoxide was held to be the legally blameless killer of Harold Eugene Orr, the late president of the Superior Manufacturing Company of Amarillo. Orr and the company had played a key role in Billie Sol's finance frauds and Orr was arrested with Billie Sol and given a ten-year federal prison sentence, some two months after Lyndon became President.

February 28, 1964, just before he was to begin serving his term, Harold Orr went out to his garage, ostensibly to change the exhaust pipe on his car. There, a few hours later, with tools scattered about—again by report, tools unsuited for this purpose—Orr was found dead. Another murder occurred involving Howard Pratt, a Chicago office manager of Commercial Solvents, Billie Sol's fertilizer supplier, who was found in his car, also dead of carbon monoxide.

In a federal court on August 10, 1964, I was saddened as Billie Sol was convicted of conspiracy and mail fraud charges for mortgaging nonexistent fertilizer tanks. His beautiful family was devastated. Patsy, his wife, collapsed as the verdict was rendered. There was disbelief in

the courtroom. He would eventually be incarcerated for over half a decade.

Billie Sol remained loyal to Lyndon even though Attorney General Robert Kennedy visited him in prison to persuade Billie Sol to testify against the man who followed his brother to the White House. RFK was determined to put Lyndon behind bars. He also questioned Billie Sol about J. Edgar Hoover's association with Clint Murchison.

Jesse informed me that Lyndon believed his image had been damaged through guilt by association. The Kennedys were exploiting all publicity surrounding Billie Sol's indictments to try to hang Lyndon. Perhaps they would have succeeded, but the assassination of President Kennedy "hushed" most of the political arena.

Now still alive and hearty, Billie Sol is home with his loving family in West Texas, slowly healing from the scars that prison has scoured into his soul. Sometimes, country and western star Willie Nelson drops by to lift his spirits.

I am sure Billie Sol still garners political secrets and historical facts that could expose the murky inner workings of our government by the high rollers in public office. The IRS, which claimed Billie Sol owed over fifty-two million dollars in back taxes, finally dropped its charges. One day, perhaps, he will end the chain of silence and speak out fully, when the fear of reprisal no longer exists.

Former U. S. Marshal, Clint Peoples of Waco, Texas, who figured so prominently in the Billie Sol Estes case, was recently killed in an automobile accident on June 23, 1992. Despite his advanced age, some of Peoples' close friends suspect foul play. Like Billie Sol, Peoples knowledge of Texas irregularities in politics, was also "deep and rich."

As even more years passed Madeleine learned that Peoples believed he had been run off the road, and said so before he died. Also, Madeleine and Billie Sol were to see Peoples on a Friday, when he was to support them, their lives and history on a video tape. But on Tuesday, he died before they could meet. As Madeleine says, "It makes you stop and think."

"Recollections..."

The following six chapters are from *Texas in the Morning*. They shed illumination upon the upon the Brown-LBJ relationship, especially the author's role as intimate witness to an aspect of presidential history not at all well known, but deserving revelation.

Constance Y. Kritzberg

12

My Sandow, The President

The shock and horror of the assassination had paralyzed Dallas, yet the joy and hope of Christmas with its message of renewal permeated the air. Beautifully wrapped Christmas packages had been arriving at the advertising agency ("payola" we called them). Mayor Cabell had requested that all social functions be canceled. Many elegant social parties were victims of the thirty-day mourning period.

Turmoil on a world-wide scale was caused by the assassination and the activities of the CIA. Former President Harry Truman made a formal statement on December 21, 1963, stating, "For some time I have been disturbed by the way the CIA has been diverted from its original assignment. It has become an operational and at times a policy-making arm of government..."

"I never had any thought that when I set up the CIA it would be injected into peacetime cloak-and-dagger operations. Some of the complication and embarrassment that I think we have experienced are in part attributable to the fact that this quiet intelligence arm of the President has been so removed from its intended role that it is being interpreted as a symbol of sinister and mysterious foreign intrigue—and a subject for cold-war enemy propaganda."

One of Lyndon's first duties after taking over the reigns as President was the appointment of the Warren Commission, composed of eight executives: Representative Gerald R. Ford (The Fords were close friends of the Johnsons while in Washington), Representative Hale Boggs, Senator Richard B. Russell (bachelor and good drinking buddy of Lyndon's brother, Sam), Chief Justice Earl Warren, Senator John Sherman Cooper, John J. McCloy (a financial ally to the oil tycoons, H. L. Hunt, Clint Murchison, and Sid Richardson, and a long time chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank), CIA Director Allen W. Dulles, and Commissioner Counsel, J. Lee Rankin, who was the eighth member of the Warren Commission.

Long before their report was released, the Winchester Elm Form Gun Group map and findings was completed, as reported earlier in *Dallas Did It.* Even though these gentlemen tried desperately to get in touch with the Warren Commission, no one in power would give them the opportunity to present their theory. Later events showed this to be a dangerous endeavor because so many of the witnesses interviewed by the Warren Commission have died violent deaths.

Today, when these old time gun enthusiasts discuss the assassination, many agree those original findings were roughly correct and that the Warren Commission ought to have listened.

Former Speaker of the House, Thomas P. (Tipp) O'Neill, Jr., in a public forum, discredited the Warren Report completely. Lyndon had the records sealed until the year 2029. I asked him "Why?" He smiled his little boy smile an said humorously, "Remember Box 13?"

Jesse's expected call finally came late on December 24th. "Rejoice, Madeleine, this will be the best Christmas of your life. You have an invitation from the Honorable Mr. President to be at the Driskill on December 31, 1963." Jesse was always formal, addressing people by their proper names.

I think my heart stopped beating for a few seconds as he read me the agenda.

Air Force One would be bringing him to his beloved Hill Country on Christmas Eve. He would check at the Governor's Mansion on Governor Big John Connally who was rapidly recovering from wounds received while riding in the Kennedy motorcade.

There would be a big family Christmas, with uncles, aunts, cousins, and much food. Lyndon loved Christmas, so this was a very extravagant occasion.

I interrupted Jesse. "What Lyndon would miss is a rite of passage for our son, Steven, who is about to become a teenager."

Jesse's tenderness showed for a few seconds. Then he paused and said, "Everything will be all right."

He continued with Lyndon's itinerary:

"You know German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard will be at the ranch. Do you remember when he asked Lyndon if he had been born in a log cabin and Lyndon told him, 'Hell, no. I was born in a manger.'" We both had a good laugh.

"Lyndon and Jake Pickle will get in a few hours of deer hunting," I said. (The ranch had elaborate deer stands, equipped with elevators. Pickle was a long-time Democrat and good friend of Lyndon's.)

Jesse said, "yes, then it will be your time, Madeleine."

The "zillion butterflies" hit my stomach and head. Oh happy day!!!

Time was an eternity. When I arrived, I almost felt like a stranger at the Driskill. The Secret Service, aided by Texas Highway Patrolmen, had blanketed the hotel. Much had changed on the floor of the suite. The

madness of this! It would take some time to get used to. But I would endure almost anything to see Lyndon.

There was a quiet little man sitting outside the door of the suite. He held a black briefcase. I was frightened, but Lyndon later told me the briefcase contained top-secret information, a secret code with which he could order the launching of nuclear weapons against an enemy. By law, the bearer must accompany the President every time he leaves the White House, always staying within easy reach. Over the course of the next few years, several different, deliberately bland and colorless men carried that secret code. I was never introduced to any of them, nor did I ever learn their names.

As I opened the door to Lyndon's suite, I discovered he was totally naked with an erection (that was Lyndon; he never wasted valuable time). He smiled his little boy smile, oddly innocent. Then we melted together. I was muttering, "Mr. President, my Sandow, I love you so!"

Finally, we separated and he handed me a crystal thin glass of bubbly champagne. Toasting with our glasses, we agreed to the toast, "Here's to a hell of a better year than '63!"

I lifted the rim of the glass and took a sip.

"Don Perignon, of course," he said before taking my other hand, he led me to the bedroom.

If I thought he would change his manner because he was President, I was wrong. Lyndon was wild with passion as he stripped my clothes off and threw me on the feather bed.

"Hey, don't eat me up! I want more of you. Goddamn, you feel good," he breathed passionately, gently, while firmly pulling my nipples.

"Jesus Christ!" Lyndon was "bellowing" like the bull he had always been. As he climaxed, I felt myself whirling in ecstasy. After playing and experimenting with each other, discovering each other for the first time or perhaps the hundredth, we fell asleep in each other's arms, our legs intertwined.

Two hours later, the rising orb of the sun broke through the draperies and Lyndon sprang up in bed.

With his famous bellowing bull sound, he roared, "Goddamn, Madeleine, there ain't *nothing* better than *Texas in the morning.*"

As he leaned back in my arms, I noted for the first time how he looked. As Texas cattlemen would say, "drawn."

"Are you really doing all right, my love?" I asked him as I gently ran my fingers through his hair.

"I'm just tired and run-down, that's all. I don't have anyone that I can turn to like I used to with Mr. Sam." Swallowing hard, he added, "I wish he was here. I need him. I have to put my mind at ease."

"Lyndon, you know that a lot of people believe you had something to do with President Kennedy's assassination."

He shot up out of the bed and began pacing and waving his arms screaming like a madman. I was scared!

"That's bullshit, Madeleine Brown!" he yelled. "Don't tell me you believe that crap!"

"Of course not," I answered meekly, trying to cool his temper.

"It was Texas oil and those fucking renegade intelligence bastards in Washington."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, my eyes bulging.

"Hell, that son-of-a-bitch Irish mafia Kennedy with advice from the Invisible Government, had come out for suicidal cuts in the oil depletion allowance. More than two hundred eighty million dollars per year! He stopped half a dozen mergers under the anti-trust act. In the '62's sag, the market dropped one hundred and thirty-seven billion fucking dollars. Steel fell fifty percent, and he had the impertinence to talk about 'rollback' of prices, or worse—a freeze. This was war, Madeleine, to some rich, fat cats in Texas you and I both know. He campaigned on an increased defense budget. Then he made plans to close fifty-two military bases in the twenty-five states, plus twenty-five overseas bases, and he was getting ready to quit Southeast Asia. And for the first time in history, he had sent in one intelligence agency, the FBI, to dismember another agency, the CIA. America simply could not have this!

"Goddamn it, Madeleine, in the last fifteen years we've lost eight hundred million people to the Communist conspiracy--and priceless resources and markets—and not a single Russian soldier has been killed. We're being nibbled to death (Vietnam) and now in our own hemisphere, our oil boys and the intelligence boys didn't like Kennedy's talk about 'disarmament' or the Peace Corps. They believed that the only thing the goddamned Communists understand is power!"

"And, my God, they couldn't tolerate the Negroes. These boys thought Kennedy was going to lead the Negro revolution instead of fighting it. They got real uncomfortable when they saw 250,000 American Negroes and their supporters march in Washington in fall of '63."

"Who were the Texas oil men, Lyndon? Who are we talking about?" I asked boldly.

He turned and stared me straight in the eyes with a cold glare, saying, "Behind every success there is a crime." and "Do you remember what I told you years ago, Madeleine? You see nothing, you hear nothing, you say nothing." As he stormed off to the bathroom, he added, "I can see that I have already told you too much. I should have listened to my own advice."

I began to hyperventilate, I shivered like an earthquake registering number ten on the Richter scale. I do not claim to be a Kennedy assassination researcher. I have not meticulously studied the history of November 22, 1963, but I saw and heard and knew enough to unnerve my senses. My views, like a jigsaw puzzle, include pieces of

circumstantial evidence and odd associations and persistent stories too sinister to dismiss as pure coincidence:

-Jack Ruby did have possession of the motorcade map and Ruby "knew" the Dallas Police Department.

-Lee Harvey Oswald and Ruby together at the Carousel Club.

-Ruby's friendship with Jerome Ragsdale.

-Rumors of high level authorities changing the motorcade route and the lack of security and press in Dealey Plaza at the crucial moment.

-Witness who claimed the motorcade slowed down or virtually "stopped" during the shooting.

-Lyndon's close relationship with Murchison and Hoover since the box 13 scandal.

-The Texas 8F meeting at Murchison's home on Nov. 21, 1963.

-H. L. Hunt's confidence in being the richest man in the world, that he would never get in trouble and his complete disdain for JFK.

-Lyndon's intention of visiting Pat Kirkwood's nightclub after leaving Murchison's home. (Nine of Kennedy's Secret Servicemen were later criticized for visiting Kirkwood's club til the early morning hours in clear violation of curfew regulations. Years later Kirkwood admitted that some of Ruby's strippers had kept the security men entertained during the night.)

-Lyndon's prophecy of never being embarrassed by the Kennedys again.

-The swirl of witnesses and evidence seriously supporting the theory of multiple shooters and questioning Oswald's guilt.

The list goes on and on—I was frozen with shock. As I dressed to return to Dallas, Lyndon remained in the bathroom. All the old, plus some new fears, concerns, emotions, doubts, plagued me.

How could I be so desperately in love with someone who had openly implicated himself in cloak-and-dagger tactics?

After all these many years, I still cannot honestly answer this question, even to myself.

I have no doubt that Lyndon told me the truth about the assassination. I believe Lyndon and the 8F people did what they felt they had to do to garner and protect their own interests.

13

Embarrassing Moments

In July 1964, Lyndon proudly signed into law the most sweeping civil rights bill since Reconstruction days.

The bill, which had been submitted in June, 1963, by Kennedy, passed the Senate after a fifteen-week Southern filibuster. It outlawed discrimination in places of public accommodation, publicly owned facilities, employment and union membership, as well as federally aided programs. A major feature of the legislation was the new power it gave the attorney general to speed school desegregation and to enforce the Negro's right to vote. It was designed to end all racism.

To get the legislation he wanted, Lyndon had used with great success what many of us in Texas had known for years as the "Johnson treatment."

The treatment, to reiterate, consisted of a combination of empty flattery, insistent coaxing, arm-twisting, threats and solicitous wooing, all placed in motion by Lyndon with an endless succession of telephone calls, booze-saturated lunches, vulgar and shocking barnyard jokes, physical contact, compassionate arm-around-the-shoulder camaraderie- as well as the cold stare when crossed. The technique was very good at exposing the most sensitive nerve in Lyndon's target, and he said, "Most often, that was the target's self-interest."

Lyndon's record in the months after Kennedy's assassination, in addition to his previously unconcealed presidential ambitions, left no doubts in the minds of Democrats and Republicans alike that he would be his party's favorite in the 1964 election.

However, when we met in Austin during the long Fourth of July holiday, celebrating the passage of the Civil Rights Bill and my birthday, Lyndon told me he wanted to get out of the White House, but there was no way out now.

"Lyndon," I urged him at our suite at the Driskill, "I hope you will run. I want you to do whatever is best for democracy and the American way. I know that you can do it, even though it will take you away from me and cause my heart to break. Then when you are re-elected president, announce to the world that you are going to do what is best, for blacks and white, Democrats and Republicans, Protestants, Jews and atheists without paying homage to the moneyed class, meaning the 8F group.

As we dallied in bed, we discussed who would be his running mate. Up to this point, Lyndon had achieved with suspense, titillation, and manipulation of the press, a hodgepodge of names and no one except me, knew who the main contender would be. Of course, it was Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. I think he chose Hubert as a foil to his Republican opponent, Barry Goldwater, Arizona's conservative knight. Goldwater's itchy fingers, if elected, might press the button that would unleash nuclear holocaust.

On both sides, the campaign was a relatively clean one. Lyndon's supporters had only two episodes verging on the scandalous that had to be explained to the voters.

One involved Bobby Baker, a good and loyal friend of Lyndon's, who had served as secretary to the Senate Democratic majority at the time Lyndon was the majority leader. Just before the assassination of Kennedy, it was disclosed that Bobby Baker had used official influence to amass a sizable fortune.

A Senate subcommittee investigation disclosed that Baker had arranged a deal between an insurance man and the LBJ Company, the Johnson family's communications empire in Austin.

The Baker investigation never officially linked Lyndon to Baker's alleged unethical practices, but the whole affair remained a source of embarrassment for Lyndon.

The second embarrassing incident indicated that Lyndon, who was noted for being intensely loyal to his friends and aides, could also be ignorant of some of their weaknesses. He failed to note a flaw in the personality of Walter Jenkins, the chief assistant and coordinator of Lyndon's White House staff.

Shortly before the election, Jenkins was arrested on a morals charge in the men's room of the downtown YMCA in Washington. It turned out that he had a record of a previous arrest in the same place, a notorious gay hangout. J. Edgar Hoover, a suspected closet homosexual, had failed to notify Lyndon, and considering how efficient Hoover was, it seems very strange that the deviant behavior had not been reported. I knew Walter personally and have always felt he was framed. The Bobby Baker investigation was proceeding and Lyndon was concerned about Walter's testimony. Walter represented the American Dream Family turned into a nightmare (he had five children) and I felt sorry for the entire Jenkins family as they returned to Texas as outcasts, the sad flotsam of Washington, D. C.

On November 3, 1964, Election Day, Lyndon was at his ranch, the new unofficial White House during Lyndon's administration. Lyndon voted, then spent the day driving his Lincoln Continental around his lavish spread.

That night, as the votes were counted across the nation in the dark hours, it quickly became apparent that tens of thousands of Republicans

had deserted their party to vote for Lyndon. The people rewarded his good work and powerful campaign with a record-breaking majority of sixty-one percent of the popular vote. Lyndon called this result a "mandate for unity."

I met Lyndon two more times during his prolonged stay in Texas after the election. Like many friends and influential people, I received the well publicized "Ya'll Come" in a gold-engraved invitation to his inauguration.

I flew to Washington with several Dallas political dignitaries aboard Earle Cabell's personal DC-3, where a festive atmosphere abounded. From all the advance publicity, many on board had visions of an exciting luxurious Roman holiday. They hoped for the opportunity to rub elbows with the great and near-great and perhaps engage in a private chat with Lyndon. (Jesse had already informed me that there would be no time for Lyndon and me to have a Washington rendezvous.)

The beautiful ball gown I was wearing had been designed by the internationally renowned de Rauch Madeleine, and I'm sure it had cost Lyndon thousands of dollars. He said that he didn't want me to look like the women in John Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath!

Although Lyndon had publicly announced he would not wear a top hat or formal attire for the swearing-in ceremony, most of the men wore tails or tuxedos for the various parties and the final gala ball.

Several inaugural balls took place on the night before the swearing-in. Each was like an indoor Disneyland, with thousands of fancily dressed Democrats having a great time.

Besides the number one ball held at the Mayflower Hotel, I attended the big fund-raising gala which featured a lot of entertainers from Broadway and Hollywood. Johnny Carson was the master of ceremonies.

Considering how exhausted I was after attending the inaugural festivities, I could only imagine how poor Lyndon must have felt, particularly since he was forced to attend all functions and keep smiling throughout.

Lyndon's 1,500-word inaugural address on January 20, 1965, was one of the shortest in history. In it he said: "In a land of great wealth, families must not live in hopeless poverty. In a land rich in harvest, children must not go hungry. In a land of healing miracles, neighbors must not suffer and die unattended. In a great land of learning and scholars, young people must be taught to read and write."

To the world Lyndon said, "We aspire to nothing that belongs to others. We seek no dominion over our fellow man, but man's dominion over tyranny and misery."

As Lady Bird stood next to her husband on the inaugural platform, for the first time I really understood that I cherished vague hopes for the future, but I shrugged off the feeling of certain disappointment by whispering Lyndon's favorite line: "Today is today. Tomorrow is tomorrow."

14

Shadows

With the inauguration out of the way, Lyndon suffered a dreadful case of influenza. His diseased heart was bothering him. He was cross and ill-tempered and made a costly foreign relations mistake when he refused to let Vice President Hubert Humphrey attend Winston Churchill's funeral as the U. S. representative. Churchill's demise ended the colonial grandeur of Britain. He was Britain's savior from the Nazi horror. Hubert Humphrey was deeply hurt when he had not been allowed to honor him and it created more tension within the executive branch.

Lyndon believed many of his dreams for a better America could become reality. The landslide victory which put him into office had also given him a Democrat victory in the House as well as the Senate. Both were ready to follow Lyndon's lead with little opposition. The fabulous 89th session soon began rubber-stamping his "Great Society" program passing legislation that had been squashed for 30 years. The Republicans bitterly claimed it was unwise to pass such sweeping legislation.

Early in his administration, Lyndon declared "war on poverty." He made two trips to the distressed Appalachia area to dramatize the need for an anti-poverty drive. Now he asked Congress to appropriate $1 billion for this cause.

"I asked you to march with me along the road to the future," he said, "the road that leads to the great society, where no child will go unschooled . . . where every human being has dignity and every worker has a job, where education is blind to color and employment is unaware of race, where decency prevails and courage abounds . . ."

Among the measures that would have the most far-reaching effect on the quality of American life in the future was the bill to provide virtually free medical and hospital care for the aged under Social Security, known as the Medicare Bill. (Little did Lyndon know that his health care program would be smashed by the iron hand of inflation.) He signed it into law on July 30, 1965. Lyndon flew to Missouri and gave former President Harry Truman Medicare Card No. 1; Bess received Card No. 2.

In the first euphoric months Lyndon's love for education expressed itself with massive federal dollars earmarked for primary and secondary schools as well as to colleges and college students; new safeguards for black voting rights; reform of the immigration laws; grants for the "model cities" development program and a program for rent subsidies for poor tenants; a higher minimum wage; increased funds for the anti-poverty program; a series of measures to protect the consumer from fraudulent packaging and advertising; a substantial start on efforts to rid the air and streams of pollution, which was so close to our own son's heart.

All these and tax cuts, too, were realized by Lyndon, with the help of the 89th Congress, which expanded certain areas of government and allowed others to wither and die on the vine.

Robert C. Weaver was the first black American named to hold cabinet rank. Lyndon also appointed the first black ever to sit on the Supreme Court, Thurgood Marshall, who had won fame as a brilliant trial lawyer for civil rights before Lyndon appointed him Solicitor General of the United States.

In fact, he appointed many blacks to high office, which I believe, in the depths of my soul, paved the way for Jesse Jackson to run for the presidency and gave such a role model to the young blacks claiming their place in society. (Many believe that Dr. Martin Luther King's strong leadership and Lyndon Johnson's love for democracy are the driving forces today in giving Jesse Jackson the potential to become America's first black president.) "Now, maybe every Negro kid in the United States could think, 'Goddamn it, maybe I can be a judge some day — or president.' I want to put some incentive in them," Lyndon said.

On many occasions, Lyndon lent his prestigious Southern accent to the voices heard during the nonviolent black demonstrations. Dr. Martin Luther King urged his followers, saying, "We shall overcome," and on the occasion Lyndon used that phrase — the anthem of the civil rights movement — while urging Congress to enact strong voting rights legislation.

"It is not just Negroes, really, it is all of us," he said, "who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we shall overcome," . . . And today, in many ways, we have, even though we still have far to go.

Lyndon was at heart an isolationist and born to be a child of Congress. The passing and shaping of legislation and federal programs was to him the prime function of government. If Lyndon could have, he would have built a wall around America so she could put her house in order and help all Americans up the ladder to success without foreign distractions.

But events were not to allow him to take that course. Throughout his administration, a great shadow was cast over all his efforts. It was the

shadow of war, of the tragic, ugly, bloody, seemingly endless war in Vietnam.

Even Lyndon's most severe critics would agree that in substantial measure this president inherited the problem of Vietnam.

South Vietnam had plagued both Eisenhower and Kennedy. They sent military advisors to the South Vietnamese army to help them combat the guerrilla tactics of the Viet Cong, who were aided by North Vietnam. Although Kennedy was apparently in the process of withdrawing from Vietnam, it was Lyndon's fate to commit American troops to a long and costly land war in the region.

Questions abound. Some that bother me included: Was it Lyndon's desire to feather the Brown and Root pocketbooks? Was the Brown and Root Company a secretly appointed government agency? Who knows?

The stage for escalation of the war was actually set in August 1964, after Communist boats attacked United States destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin. Lyndon obtained congressional approval of a resolution granting him full authority for "all necessary action to protect our armed forces."

In February 1965, there were about 200,000 American servicemen in South Vietnam and at that time the U. S. was functioning in the limited capacity of advising and giving logistic support to the weakening native forces. Lyndon received the grim alarm that the Saigon government was in danger of collapse. The Viet Cong insurgents and North Vietnam army units had begun a final drive for Communist victory.

The alternatives for Lyndon were either a great transferal of American military power or humiliating defeat as the Communists took over. Being committed to victory in all areas, he told me even though he did not want to start his full term in office with an international defeat. He also knew the dangers of committing American troops. His best information at the time was from Kennedy's military advisors who assured him that only a few months of direct American military intervention would eradicate the Communist problem in Vietnam.

Lyndon took this bad advice and authorized bombardment of North Vietnam, cutting the military and supply lines to the Viet Cong. By July 1965, Lyndon had sent 75,000 American troops into the war zone and was planning to increase to 125,000. By November there were 100,000 American troops there.

Often, as criticism of his war policies grew both at home and abroad, Lyndon pleaded for understanding. "We will never be second in search for . . . a peaceful settlement in Vietnam." he said. "We remain ready for unconditional discussions."

From time to time he would tell me of his difficulty in sleeping because he was so troubled over the Vietnam War (thinking about young men like Steven and Jimmy). He was terribly concerned about the loss of so many young people on both sides. "War and politics is an ugly hellhole sucking the vitality of so many innocent people. I know one goddamn

thing, I'll never allow my son, Steven, to go to war. I promise you that Madeleine, nor Jimmy."

Lyndon tried to become a peacemaker and end the vicious, bloody war by negotiations. However, Hanoi, Peking and Moscow denounced this as a smokescreen for further escalation.

The Viet Cong claimed to be the only legitimate governing force in South Vietnam. The United States-backed Saigon government, controlled largely by leaders of the corrupt South Vietnam armed forces, made the same claim.

Lyndon was disappointed, and steadfastly refused to pursue a settlement that would give the Viet Cong too great a share of political power in Saigon. He feared that total power was the enemy's long-range aim. The other side refused to settle for anything less.

On all except this central issue, Lyndon tried to be conciliatory, even generous. He refused to whip up hate for the enemy and he offered to spend, after the war, billions of American tax dollars on the rebuilding of Vietnam and to help develop the economies of both the North and South.

But beyond charity, Lyndon believed the dominant issue was whether the United States would keep its word and prevent the forcible overthrow or conquest of a country it had promised to defend.
The violation of such a promise, he insisted, would imperil dozens of other nations and hence the peace of the world.

Many Americans agreed and went along with Lyndon's contention that promises and commitments, once made, could be violated only at the nation's peril.

At the same time, Lyndon became hated because of his pursuit of the Vietnam War. The passion of the American people ran so high — for or against it — that it polarized our country into hawks and doves. It stood to reason, considering the violent mood across the country. that another assassination might be triggered against Lyndon.

First of all, he was a Texan — that alone was enough to curse him in the eyes of a great number of reporters throughout the country. His accent, his manner, his country-boy candor (and earthy language) all worked against him. Whenever possible, some press members deliberately pictured Lyndon as an uncouth bumpkin with no dignity or social graces. Lyndon brought criticism upon himself because of some relatively minor incidents that were gleefully reported to the public.

Once he playfully picked up a beagle by his ears and offended millions of over-sensitive dog lovers. There was never a greater lover of animals than Lyndon. He even wrote legislation to protect animals and usually had a dog with him in the White House.

On other occasions he pulled up his shirt and displayed to reporters the big scars from his gallbladder operation, no doubt distressing many squeamish people. He went swimming nude in the White House pool, causing great concern among the church groups of the Southern Bible

Belt. He loved to make home movies of animals mating and during their showing would make comments such as "Ain't it great!" to anyone watching.

Lyndon realized, but seemed not to care, that each of these incidents would spark a negative public reaction. Each episode was an act of perverse defiance against the press, who already held critical views of him because of Vietnam. I can't tell you how many times that Lyndon openly wept in my arms as he described the war as his "endless agony." It was destroying the man I loved.

Partly because of displeasure with the war, a critical Congress tore Lyndon's modest foreign aid program to shreds. In a series of damaging public hearings in 1966, conducted by Lyndon's fellow Democrat, Senator J. William Fulbright, the Foreign Relations Committee challenged Lyndon's policies toward Vietnam, toward Communist China and even toward Western Europe.

It was the beginning of the end. Violence exploded on university campuses and earlier civil rights marches in Washington gave way to equally large anti-war demonstrations. Lyndon's foes could sense that time was on their side — and so it was!

15

Live, Learn, and Hope

My hopes and desires for Steven were being fulfilled in 1967. He had developed into an outstanding student at my own alma mater, W. H. Adamson High School. He was active in theater productions. debating, speech tournaments, and was an officer in ROTC. He won trophies and gold medals — and praise from his teachers — with surprising frequency.

He was a total delight to me. He reminded me so much of his father. His height, his weight, his hair — all his physical characteristics — screamed out to me that he was Lyndon's son.

Of great concern to me was the day when Steven would find out the truth about his heritage. At times he would catch a glimpse of that fear in my facial expressions. Reminiscent of his father's impudence, he would say, "Lighten up, Mother. Don't sweat the small stuff. Today is today and tomorrow is tomorrow," which would often make me laugh — and sometimes make me cry.

Beside his formal studies at Texas A&M, Steven excelled in many endeavors. Sports came easily to him, but because of my materialistic fears of crippling injuries, I discouraged his participation in contact sports such as football. Every spring his coach strongly encouraged Steven (who was six feet, four inches tall and weighed two hundred pounds) to play. I imagined him confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life and was unmoved by the coach's entreaties.

As an expert marksman he had recently won the Dallas Open Gun Tournament at Elm Fort Gun Range. He was shooting a 12-gauge Browning Shotgun (a gift from Lyndon) over and under stacked barrels in competitions across the state. He competed in field trials with "Schnapps Achtung," our Weimaraner champ (a "gray ghost," a dog bred for royalty in Germany). He won ribbon after ribbon, trophy after trophy until the case in our gun room was filled to capacity.

We benefited from his talent in other ways. Each year he filled the family freezer with delicacies such as dove, quail, pheasant and occasionally a fat deer, although he didn't like to kill them. He said they

were too beautiful. He would only do so if we used the skin and all the meat, so there would be no waste. He often said, "God gave us stewardship of the earth and I'm sure he gets ticked off when we waste His good works."

I remember when he was nine years old, I took him and his first shotgun, a single shot .410, for practice with clay pigeons. I knew when he was younger he always shot left-handed with his BB gun. No matter how I tried to coach him to be right-handed with a gun, he could not change. So when he loaded his shotgun and threw it up to his left shoulder, he looked awkward.

The skeet trap was set up in front of what we affectionately called the "club house" which was in reality a half-finished cabin on the edge of a large water tank at Clopton's Hunting Resort in Rockett, Texas. Steven, with an extended left elbow, long legs and oversized feet, looked like a young crane stalking frogs.

I couldn't help but chuckle, then I would feel my heart sink as I realized that Lyndon would never experience these moments with his son. He was limited to those which I captured on 8 mm film. He often requested I bring photos and films of Steven. These were the quiet times Lyndon and I spent together enjoying our son. Often tears would flow while Lyndon held me tenderly.

My reflections were shattered by the shotgun blast as Steven "killed" his first clay pigeon. I was amazed that someone as young and awkward-looking as Steven could hit such a fast moving target on his very first try. He very precisely ejected his shell, reloaded, and showed his subdued excitement in a high-pitched voice as he yelled, "Pull!"

His bird flew up sharply on a straight burst of hot Texas wind and then exploded into tiny pieces. In disbelief, I watched as he "killed" twenty-four more and I'm sure he would have gone to twenty-five straight if Schnapps Achtung hadn't interfered on his last shot.

How proud Lyndon would be of Steven!

Steven was very popular with girls and was invited to many functions throughout Texas. One of his favorite girls was Beth Horstmann of San Antonio, the daughter of Col. John and Mrs. Alice Horstmann. He was also impressed with Beth's Weimaraner, Bravo, who ran a close second to Schnapps. For his first real date, I drove him to San Antonio for Beth's Christmas party at St. Mary's Hall, the exclusive all-girls Catholic school. They were a stunning duo and were acclaimed the most outstanding couple at the party. Beth was glowing in her hot pink, silk gown and Steven was immaculate in his tailored blue suit, a perfect counterpoint to Beth.

Distance kept this romance from blossoming. Unfortunately, Beth and her sister, Alex Short, lost their lives in a fiery plane crash in 1976.

There were other girlfriends who held his attention for a while, but his standards were rather high. They were expected to love the outdoors,

swimming, and dancing. A knowledge of firearms, current events, and politics was important.

"Steven," I would ask, "what about homemaking, cooking, housekeeping?"

His assumption was that any girl with his qualifications would have those skills naturally built in.

16

Surviving the Worst

On July 20, 1967, Steven was ten days away from competing in the World Championship Shoot in Atlanta, Georgia. He often shot skeet with boys from Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio. They encouraged me to register him because he could easily shoot 100 straight without practicing.

As Steven and I were driving home from the Dallas Gun Club, we collided with another car that sped through an intersection over R. L. Thornton Freeway.

I awoke in Methodist Hospital three weeks later, covered with bandages, and found most of my body suspended in traction. I asked a nurse what had happened because the last thing I remembered was being at the gun club. I thought that my new Remington 1100 automatic had exploded. The nurse told me what she knew about the accident.

The doctors informed me that I was lucky to be alive. Steven suffered only multiple bruises, but my neck, arm and leg had been broken. Our dog, Schnapps, had to be maced by the Dallas Police because he would not allow the paramedics to remove us from the car. He was then kenneled at Clopton's Hunting Resort.

Worst of all, my face had been smashed and badly cut by broken glass. When the bandages were removed, I was horrified by my badly scarred appearance.

I stayed in the hospital for two months during which time Mr. Randall Brooks, President of Rogers and Smith (the advertising agency at which I was employed) had suffered a fatal heart attack. The agency closed and my medical insurance was canceled. Therefore, I was responsible for all my medical expenses. Thoughts rushed through my mind wondering if this was just a coincidental wreck. From the time I met Lyndon I experienced strange events and saw many unexplainable situations occur — murder included. Was this my fate for having an affair with a married man?

I needed Lyndon then more than at any other time in my life, knowing quite well that it could not be. But I feared I would never see him again.

As I began a long course of recovery and plastic surgery, I plunged into a state of depression, wracked by constant pain from internal injuries. I felt damned for life and lost the will to live.

Mr. Ragsdale would call and ask how I was coming along. KTBC and other Texas media organizations filled my hospital room with flowers. Lyndon would somehow manage to call occasionally. I could, however, have done without his constant bragging about his new grandson, Patrick Nugent, born on June 2, 1967. The last thing I wanted to hear was how his daughter had given him a "boy to carry on the bloodline." He seemed to me to be insensitive and uncaring. I relived past years and remembered holding Steven, watching him grow up . . . not only without his father — but with no public acknowledgment of Steven's existence. My agony turned into anger and hate, I became bitter. Was I being punished for my sin?

Steven and Father Jarrett's daily visits didn't help the pain and anger concealed within my heart. Finally, one day Steven said, "Mother, I'm not going to come see you anymore until you straighten out your act." Somehow his frankness had a jolting, healthy effect. I began to deal with my pain and I started to cooperate with the doctors.

17

Defeated and Disgraced

In early 1968, the Vietnam War still continued. The bitter divisions at home intensified and campus violence increased. At the University of Houston, protesters carried coffins while chanting, "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids have you killed today? We were living near the university and my emotions were violently stirred when I heard this, but I must confess I agreed with some of their messages on the Vietnam War issue.

Even though Lyndon did not consider Eugene McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy as serious political threats in his bid for re-election, his narrow victory in the New Hampshire primary came as a real shock.

On the evening of March 31, he made a nationwide address on Vietnam. First of all, he set a ceiling of 549,000 American troops, clearly stating that the only new men would be support troops previously committed.

Secondly, we would accelerate our training and equipment for South Vietnam forces so that they could take over major combat responsibilities previously assumed by U. S. troops.

Thirdly, speaking directly to Hanoi, he offered to greatly restrict our bombing of the North as an inducement for an immediate start of peace negotiations. And then he dropped his own bombshell at the end:

"With America's sons in the field far away," Lyndon said, "With America's future under challenge right here at home, with our hopes and the world's hopes for peace in the balance of every day, I do not believe that I should devote an hour or a day of my time to any personal partisan causes or to any duties other than the awesome duties of this office -- the presidency of our country.

"Accordingly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President of the United States of America."

I was relieved to know that he wouldn't have to put up with a long abusive campaign where he would surely be cursed by thousands, called a warmonger and murderer — not to mention the possibility of being an assassination target. He was out of it, free to pursue a lasting peace and bring our boys home before he left office.

The nation endured again the shock of assassination -- Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and then Bobby Kennedy! The tensions came to a violent climax at the Democratic convention in Chicago where Lyndon had to suffer at a distance. Although he tried to hide his feelings, I knew how bitter he felt. He had hoped to make a graceful and triumphant exit from public life, but that would not be possible while the convention was under threats of violence by student radicals and other demonstrators against the war.

As I was recovering from my accident, I watched the convention on television and saw scenes of angry mobs around the major hotels. Mayor Daley had surrounded the convention hall with barbed wire reminiscent of Hitler's concentration camps and the police were prohibiting other anti-war demonstrators from entering the surrounding area.

As Hubert Humphrey accepted the nomination, there was also a certain hostility inside the convention hall itself that matched the anger of the demonstrators battling the police. I was glad that Lyndon had chosen to stay in Texas.

Richard Nixon won the election in early November. I won't bother to comment on his victory — too much has been written about that — but I will say that Lyndon was not exactly overjoyed.

When John Connally came out with "Democrats for Nixon" and staged an extravagant fund-raiser at his Floresville, Texas ranch, all the important wealthy kingmakers, be they Democrat or Republican, joined forces to support the Republican candidate. Lyndon, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, told me that he should have kept a closer eye on John Conally. However, he was cordial to the incoming Nixon administration, participated in Nixon's inauguration, and presided over the tearful goodbyes at the White House.

Immediately following Nixon's inauguration, Lyndon and Lady Bird and daughters drove to Clark Clifford's home for a farewell luncheon. It was an assembling of old friends who had faithfully served Lyndon in his 31 years on Capitol Hill.

During this carefree occasion he bestowed five Medal of Freedom citations, one to Dean Rusk, Clark Clifford, Averell Harriman (former Governor of New York, Ambassador to Russia and lots of scuttle butt gossip, Harriman was courting Winston Churchill's ex-daughter-in-law, Pamela), Walt Rostow and William S. White.

With Lyndon's tongue-in-cheek attitude and smiling his little country boy smile, he told the group, "This was the most gratifying moment of Nixon's 'Big Day.'"

Now Lyndon was home in Texas, at his ranch in the hill country -- with no job—no political role—defeated and disgraced.

Epilogue

When all was said and done...

When the blood was washed away, and Dallas power brokers looked around at happenings there, they realized they had struck oil again. The president was dead, and for the oil rich that was all they had asked. But the Committee of 100 discovered unexpected booty. Tourists, thousands of them (at least hundreds) came every day. They stayed in local hotels, bought food and souvenirs. Wow! *Close that book building!*

And so the TSBD museum was born. Lowly, loyal manual laborer Harold Norman became a museum curator, which was a big job. It may have slightly overburdened him, because he joined the group with changing stories. His memory of what happened grew sharper and more creative until his death.

Few notice that Dallas continues to protect itself from shame. Read the marker in Dealey Plaza. What does it commemorate? It doesn't say. Apparently just Dealey Plaza, and even that small gesture wasn't considered necessary until 1993.

Other changes have taken place. The beautiful Madeleine Brown grew up. It took Madeleine many years to believe that the man she loved was capable of killing. She asked him fearfully on New Year's Eve, "They say you may have something to do with it. Please tell me who did it?" But she was not comforted when he said, "Hell no, it was Texas oil and those fucking renegade intelligence in Washington."

To Madeleine Brown, the 8F was a bunch of guys with power and money. Not all were oil men. She remembers many of the best known 8F members: Hunt, Murchison, Sid Richardson, George Brown, Sam Rayburn, John Connally, Alvin Wirtz, Abe Fortas, Jesse Jones, Judge Roy Hofheinz, and possibly others. Jones, the owner of the 8F suite at the Lamar Hotel, was the leader of the group in early days. The death of Sid Richardson signified the dwindling power and importance of the group, although certainly not of oil interests. No list can be conclusive because of the shifting nature of the group. While LBJ could have been

its "chairman" while he was President, Jones much earlier, and toward the end of its era, Hunt and Murchison were surely at the top. If any Americans can explain who ran the 8F and how, it would be Madeleine Brown and Billie Sol Estes.

She explains her understanding of the operation simply. "Look at the elections. In 1960 they, especially H.L. Hunt, knew it was likely they were going to take second seat. Kennedy and Mafia money together was too much to counteract, as well as too dangerous. Hunt is reported to have said, 'We may lose the battle, but we'll win the war.'"

After Kennedy's death, Hunt went to Washington to "help Lyndon." After his return to Dallas, Madeleine said the atmosphere was festive. "Everyone was proud as punch. It was like they had won a big football game. There was no more worry about the oil depletion allowance. The Presidency was in their hip pocket. And the records were sealed until 2029."

Now, Madeleine Brown courageously takes part in revealing all she has heard and knows by first hand experience, including the importance of Billie Sol Estes.

It is beyond our understanding why federal agents, or the American Assassinations Review Board, fail to allow Billie Sol Estes to tell what he knows of the Texas murders and the part the Texas "oil guys" played. Estes has certainly paid his debt to society for being a "wheeler dealer."

Madeleine cannot escape the knowledge that LBJ had everyone he needed at his disposal—FBI Director Hoover, Cliff Carter, CIA agents, the 8F, links to key Mafia members downward to Jack Ruby, and killers like his own "hatchet man" Malcolm Wallace. His reply when she asked why he had the records sealed until the year 2029 was hardly reassuring. "Remember Box 13?" he had said with what Madeleine called his "little boy smile." Most of the ballots from that box disappeared, having been burned by George Parr, who perhaps not coincidentally, was later murdered. The FBI did investigate and found that 202 of Lyndon's supporters in the Box 13 precinct had voted in alphabetical order. The once hot issue fizzled out, but LBJ never forgot the trouble it had cost him.

The disappearance of key ballots in the election of LBJ, and the many missing records and issues of evidence in the murder of President John F. Kennedy are linked by LBJ's own words. The belief of the KGB that Lyndon was behind Kennedy's murder (as now confirmed by released FBI files) cannot be discounted, even if it is not confirmed as fact.

Madeleine Brown is well aware of the "invisible government," as described by the book with that title. Yes, she believes other men, including Richard Nagell (as described by Richard Russell in *The Man*

Who Knew Too Much), were involved. None of the relevant issues raised in *Dallas Did It!*, in her mind, exculpate the 8F group of Texas, and its principle members who lived in and around Dallas.

Now she wonders and wishes she knew the whole story. Did she love and bear a son by a man who took part in an unconscionable and heinous killing? Was he totally innocent, even of being an accessory before or after the fact? Incontrovertible facts are that he had the means and the motive. "He had everything needed at his disposal—the very rich right-wing, establishment controllers such as John J. McCloy, "rogue intelligence," who might have worked with him against a common enemy, his own "hatchet man," a known killer, and a common ally in the great secrets area—J. Edgar Hoover.

After LBJ ascended to the throne of America, he had no fear of any of them, and served them well enough, thought not always exactly as they wished. J. Edgar kept all in check.

Nevertheless, as Lyndon said late in his administration—he had two cancers against his administration—the assassination and Viet Nam. And they did him in. But not before he became what he wanted—President of the United States.

Madeleine Brown acknowledges that she maintained friendships and partied with some who were possibly responsible for the assassination. Why would she not? They were the crowned heads of Texas, and their influence on the Washington administration was deep.

When I arrived in Washington in 1967, I found the city to be my oyster. Within one week after arrival, I had a job as a congressman's press secretary. And I hadn't even applied—just sent brief letters and my résumé to the congressmen and senators from Texas and Oklahoma. Texas paid off. Before my furniture arrived from storage, I had an assigned parking space near the House office building. I have a photo autographed by Lyndon himself! Don't tell me that Texas political power in Washington in those years was just because of Texas size and voting power. It was more likely because of the depth of its pockets.

Marina Oswald Porter has finally had her fill. She is demanding documents that could prove her former husband was a paid agent for the FBI. That is called "exhausting your administrative remedies," a precursor to filing any lawsuit in federal court.

What next? A crack, perhaps at least a crack in the wall between them and us. And that's all we need. Just a crack, and the wall will come tumbling down. Madeleine and I wish we could live to see it happen...but we can't be sure. Yet someone will solve the mystery. Then let the people shout! One nation under God, with liberty and justice for all!

NOTES AND CREDITS

Photographs, front section:
Madeleine Brown photographs from her personal collection
Lyndon Johnson photographs from the Lyndon Johnson Library
Kritzberg personal photographs
Autographed photograph of President Lyndon Johnson, taken by Kritzberg at the White House, 1968

1 *Dallas Did It, Explanation of*
2 All material quoted by Madeleine based on her personal experiences
3 Democratic Party Headquarters, Austin, Texas, and Madeleine Brown
4 Conversation between Val Imm Bashour and Constance Kritzberg, 1996
5 *Dallas Times Herald*, November 22, 1963.
6 *Dallas Times Herald*, November 22 and/or 23, 1963.
7 *DallasTimes Herald*, November 22, 1963
8 Conversation with Bob Jackson, 1996
9 Warren, Leslie, *Dallas Public and Private*, page 12
10 Ibid, page 46
11 Ibid, page 26
12 Ibid, page 85
13 Ibid, page 24
14 Ibid, page 205
15 T.S. Eliot
16 American Admiral David G. Farragut, 1862
17 *The Three Families of H.L. Hunt.*
18 *Texas Rich*, p. 222
19 Madeleine Brown's personal relationship and knowledge of Rothermel
20 Texas Rich, p. 245
21 *The Chairman*, by Kai Bird, essential reading for those interested in John J. McCloy

Exhibits *

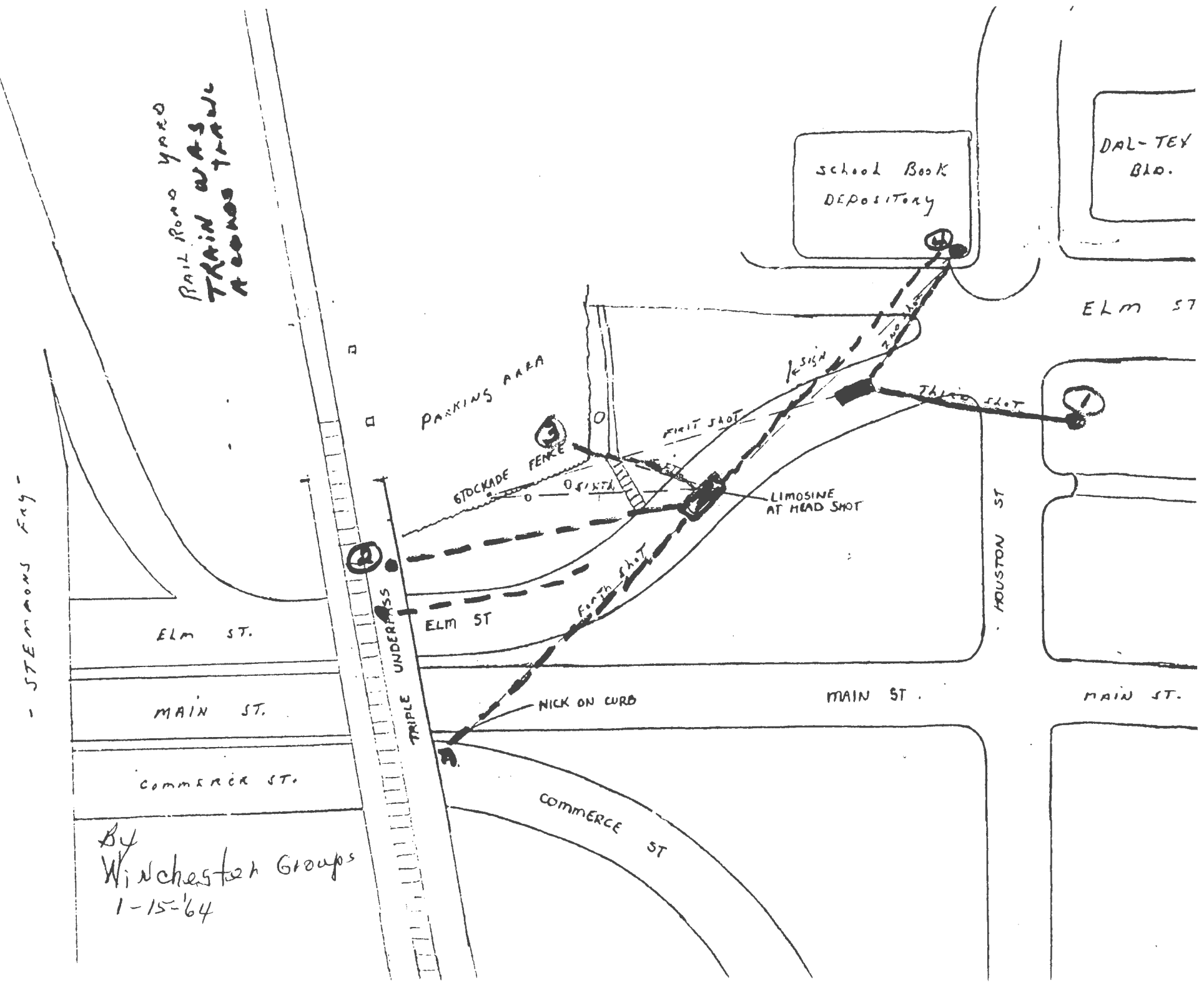
* All Exhibits—Property of Madeleine Brown

1. The first map of Dealey Plaza showing a plausible placement of shooters of President John F. Kennedy, done by the Winchester Rifle Group, dated January 15, 1964.

2. Letter from J. Gordon Shanklin, Secret Service, to Police Chief Jesse Curry, supporting Madeleine Brown's statement that Jack Ruby, Grant's brother, had advance knowledge of the motorcade and other confidential information.

3. "Old" article from the National Enquirer detailing interview with John W. Currington claiming that H.L. Hunt "unwittingly" helped pay for the assassination. Note that Currington took a lie detector test, bottom right. "I concluded that he is telling the truth. He displayed no abnormal stress in stating the facts as he believed them," concluded Miss Dorothy Kurharsky.

4. Checks, names deleted, which Currington told Madeleine Brown paid for the killing of Martin Luther King, and were purportedly drawn on money of H.L. Hunt. King was killed in April, 1968; checks are dated September. Two checks equal the $225,000 check.


RAIL ROAD YARD
TRAIN WAS
A COMMA TRAIN
- STEMMONS FWY -
PARKING AREA
STOCKADE FENCE
SIXTH
FIRST SHOT
SIXTH SHOT
THIRD SHOT
LIMOSINE
AT HEAD SHOT
NICK ON CURB
TRIPLE UNDERPASS
ELM ST.
ELM ST
MAIN ST.
COMMERCE ST.
COMMERCE ST
HOUSTON ST
MAIN ST.
MAIN ST.
SCHOOL BOOK
DEPOSITORY
DAL-TEX
BLD.
ELM ST
By
Winchester Groups
1-15-64

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Dallas, Texas
April 13, 1964

Mr. Jesse E. Curry
Chief of Police
Dallas, Texas

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Chief:

On April 9, 1964, Mrs. Eva Grant, sister of Jack L. Ruby, volunteered information to a Special Agent of this office that "we" had been able to get a copy of a Dallas Police report through a person "who thought we ought to have it". She described the report in question as one which went back to November 13, 1963, and told of police preparations for the visit of President Kennedy to Dallas. She did not name her source for the report.

This information is brought to your attention for such action as you consider required.

Very truly yours,

/s/ J. Gordon Shanklin

J. Gordon Shanklin
Special Agent in Charge

cc: Mr. Henry Wade
District Attorney (PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL)

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JFK Assassins Got $$ From Kennedy-Hating Billionaire

John F. Kennedy was assassinated by men who received money from the late billionaire H.L. Hunt, claims the former number one aide to the Texas oil tycoon.

But, said John W. Curington — Hunt's special assistant for 12 years — Hunt did not mastermind the killing. "It was a mistake. Right-wing Hunt followers knew he hated Kennedy and they thought they were doing what Hunt wanted."

Breaking his silence for the first time in an exclusive ENQUIRER interview, Curington linked Hunt to key figures in the assassination with these startling revelations:

- The day before Lee Harvey Oswald was shot by Jack Ruby at Dallas police headquarters, Hunt ordered Curington to spy on police security surrounding Oswald — and was "elated" to learn it was lax.
- Several weeks after JFK's death, Oswald's wife Marina was seen leaving the elevator that served Hunt's executive office.
- Later, the billionaire confided to top aides that he knew there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy.

None of these facts has ever been brought to light despite years of probing by the FBI, Secret Service, police, Congressional committees and the Warren Commission.

Curington, 49, who from 1957 to 1969 wielded enormous power as the right-hand man of the eccentric, right-wing, Kennedy-hating Hunt, told The ENQUIRER: "An amazing group of political parasites was drawn to Hunt because of his radical right-wing views. These people were often working class Americans. They were not employees in the Hunt organization but they were paid in cold hard cash with Hunt money to promote his views.

"They were members of right-wing groups like the John Birch Society, Liberty Lobby and the KKK in New York, Washington, Dallas and other places where they distributed propaganda, reported on alleged Communist figures and wrote letters to the editor for publication in various newspapers."

When Hunt bankrolled these people, he gave Curington and other top aides bundles of cash up to $40,000 which were passed to lower aides who then distributed the cash to fringe right-wing radicals outside of the Hunt organization, said Curington. "One thing was certain — Hunt didn't want any receipts so that the money could be traced to him. There was a complete lack of control over how it was spent.

"Hunt became quite accessible by phone to certain fringe right-wingers. He traveled a great deal and met many of them while others would write to him and he sometimes gave them his special unlisted phone number."

By early 1960, Hunt went all out against Kennedy. "H.L. very much did not want Kennedy elected President and did everything he could to keep him from being elected," recalled religious TV personality Dr. W.A. Criswell, a close Hunt friend and pastor of the First Baptist Church in Dallas, the largest Baptist congregation in the U.S.

BILLIONAIRE H.L. Hunt

Said Curington: "Hunt was often heard by top aides and followers to say that America would be much better off without Kennedy.

"But these Hunt followers overreacted. Believing they were acting on Hunt's veiled instructions, they set out to eliminate Kennedy — literally.

"I'm convinced Oswald was a third-string parasite who was brought in to help in the whole affair."

To back up his belief, Curington recently turned over to the FBI a copy of a letter that he's convinced was written by Oswald to H.L. Hunt. After questioning Curington for several hours, the FBI made the letter public.

The handwritten letter — dated Nov. 8, 1963, exactly two weeks before the assassination — states: "Dear Mr. Hunt, I would like information concerning my position. I am asking only for information. I am suggesting that we discuss the matter fully before any steps are taken by me or anyone else. Thank you, Lee Harvey Oswald."

Three handwriting analysts — all certified with the International Graphoanalysis Society — concluded that it is "the authentic writing of Lee Harvey Oswald and was written by him."

Said Curington, who is writing a book about his years with Hunt: "I knew H.L. Hunt intimately for 12 years and I had access to confidential information. I'm convinced that Hunt unwittingly influenced the assassination of John F. Kennedy."

The suspicion of a link between Hunt and the assassination struck Curington's eyes immediately after JFK was slain, Curington recalled:

"The day after Oswald was arrested I was called urgently to Hunt's office. Hunt told me he wanted to find out what security measures surrounded Oswald at the Dallas police headquarters and city jail.

"I was an attorney and it just so happened on that very day a woman who did ironing for my family had asked my help because her husband had been arrested for driving while intoxicated and so that gave me a perfect official excuse for being at the police station.

"While the police were interrogating Oswald, I walked in and out of the station three times. I was never stopped or challenged and the briefcase which I carried was never searched — even when I ended up on the same elevator with Oswald and a policeman. Oswald had blood trickling from the corner of his mouth and a bloody Band-Aid on his forehead. I assumed he had been 'worked over' by the police.

"I could have easily killed him right then. During my visits to the station, I took all the time I needed to see where the exits, desk clerks, elevators and guards were.

"Late that night Hunt insisted I give him a full report of what I had seen inside the station, particularly the elevators which brought prisoners down from the holding cells.

"I told Hunt there was no security around Oswald. Hunt was delighted. He was elated. But he never told me why he wanted the report. I never questioned his orders — I just carried them out."

JACK RUBY SHOOTS Lee Harvey Oswald at Dallas police headquarters. The day before, Hunt was "elated" when he heard security for Oswald was lax.

The next morning Jack Ruby walked into the police station and shot Oswald to death.

(Curington was the attorney for the man charged with drunk driving and appeared at the police station on Nov. 22, 1963. The ENQUIRER confirmed after checking police records and talking to relatives of the man.)

A few weeks after the shooting Curington found another suspicious connection between Hunt and the assassination. "It was a Saturday and I met H.L. at his office in downtown Dallas. He told me to lock up all the executive offices and then go to the ground floor and stop anyone — including staff — from using the elevators which went up to the executive offices.

ASSASSIN'S WIFE Marina Oswald

"I saw no one come in. All other offices were closed. Then an elevator that serves the executive suite came down. A woman walked out. It was Marina Oswald. I have no doubt in my mind.

"I watched her get into a waiting car and a man drove her away."

When contacted by The ENQUIRER at her home 40 miles from Dallas, Marina, who has since remarried, emphatically denied she had ever visited H.L. Hunt. "I don't think I've ever met Mr. Hunt and I certainly never visited his offices," she said.

Despite her denial, Curington is convinced that the woman he saw was Marina. "I believe Hunt summoned her to find out what, if anything, Oswald had told her. Also Hunt could've been questioning her about Oswald's letter to him. Hunt always considered himself skilled at interrogating people, and he could've very easily arranged the meeting personally. There were times when he didn't trust anyone else."

BREAKS SILENCE: John W. Curington, H.L. Hunt's special assistant for 12 years, says JFK's killers "thought they were doing what Hunt wanted." In background is Dealey Plaza in Dallas, where President Kennedy was shot.

When the Warren Commission was established, Hunt made sure he knew its every move, said Curington.

"H.L. was very interested in the Warren Commission investigation," he said. "We had an intelligence system set up so that we received daily reports from Washington on the commission's activities."

In 1967, said Curington, Hunt told his senior aides he knew there was a conspiracy to assassinate JFK and that Oswald did not act alone.

Hunt stressed this belief during a remarkable conversation with several top aides four years after the assassination, confirmed Walter Tabaka, 56, a Washington lobbyist for Hunt for nine years. Tabaka recalled:

"One of us suggested to Hunt that he put up a $100,000 reward for any information leading to the Kennedy assassination. Hunt said, 'If I do that I'll be a marked man within 48 hours.'

"I said, 'Mr. Hunt, do you mean there was a conspiracy?' His two words were: 'sure was.'"

Curington told The ENQUIRER: "This was confirmation for me that Hunt didn't just think there was a conspiracy — he knew.

"H.L. Hunt was a great patriot who believed what he was doing was right for America. It's so sad to think that his views were distorted by a few right-wingers who plunged America into tragedy."

— *WILLIAM DICK and KEN POTTER*

Key statements of John W. Curington were independently analyzed by two experts using the truth-detecting Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), a device so reliable that PSE results have been used in legal proceedings or accepted as court evidence in 14 states.

The experts — Charles R. McQuiston, co-inventor of the PSE and Dorothy Kunarsky, of Vericmetrics Corp. in Miami — carefully analyzed Curington's remarks, including his statements that right-wingers overreacted to H.L. Hunt's hatred of John F. Kennedy, that on Hunt's orders Curington checked police security surrounding Lee Harvey Oswald and that Curington did see Marina Oswald.

"I charted the entire interview and in my opinion what he (Curington) said he believed to be the truth," said Miss Kunarsky. Added McQuiston: "I concluded that he is telling the truth. He displayed no abnormal stress in stating the facts as he believed them."

No. S 492188

September 26, 1968

ESCROW ACCOUNT NO. 78

$25,000.00

$$$$25000.00

PURCHASER'S COPY of
CASHIERS CHECK
RETAIN THIS COPY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

NOT NEGOTIABLE

No. S 492189

September 26, 1968

ESCROW ACCOUNT NO. 78

$75,000.00

$$$$75000.00

PURCHASER'S COPY of
CASHIERS CHECK
RETAIN THIS COPY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

NOT NEGOTIABLE

No. S 492190

September 26, 1968

ESCROW ACCOUNT NO. 78

$125,000.00

$$$$125000.00

PURCHASER'S COPY of
CASHIERS CHECK
RETAIN THIS COPY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

NOT NEGOTIABLE

Purchase
Cactus Club -
Escrow Account No. 78

No. 1

September 26 1968

PAY TO THE ORDER OF _____ $225,000.00

Two Hundred Twenty Five Thousand and no/100 DOLLARS

K

Wm. A. Cia,
Trust account
"00 2 2 500000"